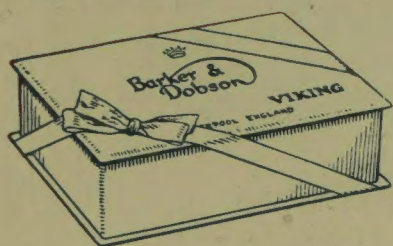


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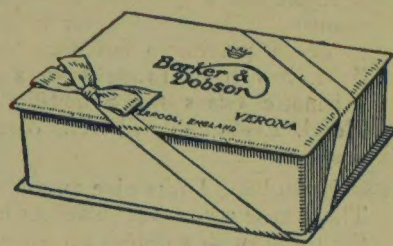
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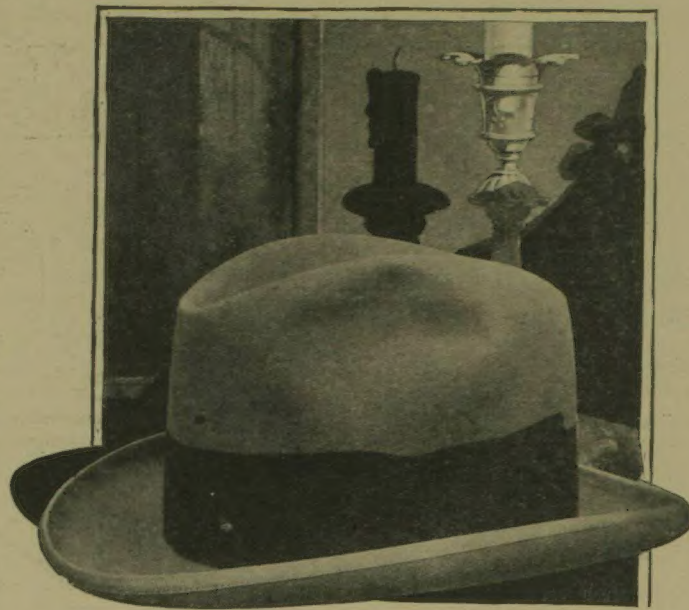
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This Hat is par-  
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ing in Black with  
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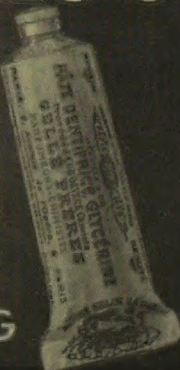
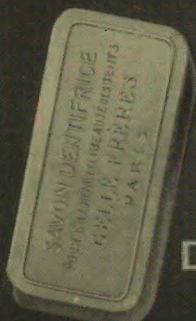
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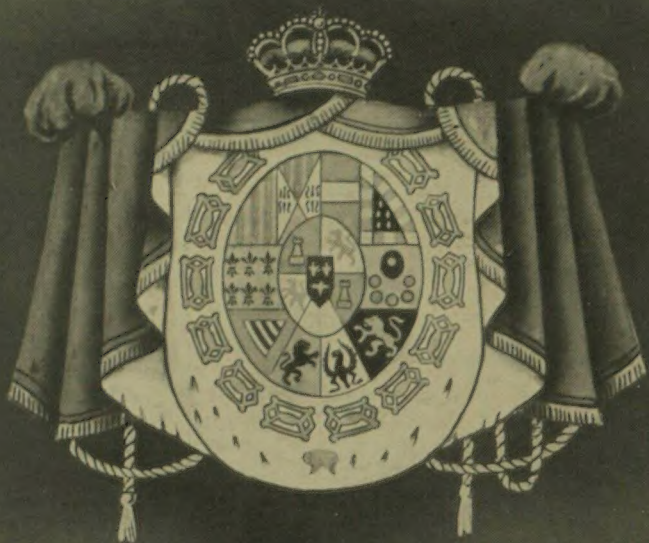
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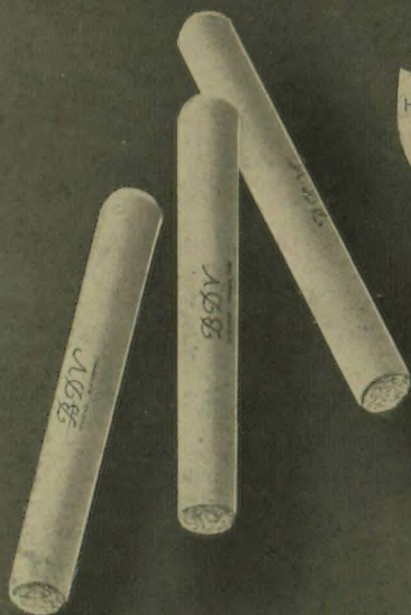




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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1924.

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AN AVALANCHE ACTUALLY IN PROGRESS: DESCENDING THE METTENBERG "WITH LOUD RUMBLINGS,"  
AND CAUSING "AN IMMENSE CLOUD OF DUST AND VAPOUR."

The devastating effects of one of the many avalanches that have recently fallen in the Alps, on its impact with a village, are illustrated on another page in this number. The remarkable photograph reproduced above shows an avalanche actually falling. The correspondent who sent it writes: "I took it on Saturday afternoon, December 29, from the snow slopes above Grindelwald, and it shows a big avalanche taking place on the opposite side of the valley down the lower

slopes of the Mettenberg. We saw it start at a point (about half-way down the white mass and vertically above the left-hand hut). As it slid down with loud rumblings into the deep valley out of sight behind the huts, the immense cloud of dust and vapour rose into the air and concealed the mountain side from view. To the right of the cloud is the valley containing the lower Grindelwald glacier, and Grindelwald itself lies in a valley to the right."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ENTHUSIASTIC applause is due to Sir Henry Hadow for his protest on behalf of intelligent diction and his denunciation of the pointless use of words like "Crusade." It is usually described as a plea for the correct use of words; but that description itself is hardly correct. Correctitude implies nowadays a formal or fastidious use of words; and what is wanted is not so much the correct as the living use of words. It is the memory of the meaning of a word which is the life of a word. The Crusade without the Cross is a dead word. To talk of an intrigue in favour of cornering pickled pork as a crusade is to be using dead words. Another example I have often noticed, though I do not think Sir Henry Hadow noticed it, happens to be a corruption of the same historic traditions. As it is with a mediæval word like "Crusade," so it is with a mediæval word like "Ordeal." The meaning of an ordeal is a test, something deliberately set up to try or prove a man, especially touching his sincerity. Thus the mediævals might ask Lord Birkenhead whether he believed enough in the Conservative Party to put his hand in hot water for it, or Mr. Lloyd George whether his faith in Free Trade would sustain him in a mortal combat with battle-axes. At present, anyhow, Mr. George's combat (and his axe) is of a different kind, and it is in more figurative fashion that Lord Birkenhead gets into hot water. Anyhow, that is the meaning of an ordeal; but the journalists use it as if it meant any kind of unpleasant experience, however much it be without purpose or without result. If a gentleman coming home from the City, late at night, happens to fall head-foremost through the coal-hole and remain all night in an inverted posture, with his legs sticking up in the middle of the street, the newspaper will probably announce the event as "City Man's Ordeal." Yet there is no reason to suppose that he had any religious purpose of humility or expiation in assuming this posture. If some ordinary event occurs, such as a banker climbing a lamp-post to light his cigar and being pinned there by the presence of a bulldog, we shall read in the head-line "Well-Known Banker's Ordeal." Yet we shall hardly find any full information about the spiritual results of the ordeal, or its purification of that financier's character or fame. In all this the case of the Ordeal is very similar to the case of the Crusade; but I began this article with the intention of referring chiefly to the case of the Crusade. In fact, I began with the intention of first endorsing and emphatically approving the principle of Sir Henry Hadow, and then proceeding to violate it.

In defiance of all the excellent principles laid down above, I will now proceed to say that I remember in my childhood a movement among children, which was so elaborately organised for them or among them that it might be called a Children's Crusade. It seems possible that future historians, coming on the traces of it, might really class it with the Children's Crusades of the later Middle Ages. They might employ the word not in its cheap journalese, but almost in its serious historical sense. And the memory of it set me wondering about mythology and religion, and how far we realise the fine shades of faith and scepticism in other cults or cultures. It seems to me that, while religion is made much too lax, mythology is made much too rigid. The professors of folk-lore seem to talk almost as if the folk they are talking about used the terminology of the talkers. They talk of totemism as fully explaining the tale of any animal from Brer Rabbit to Behemoth; they talk of Euhemerism as if it settled the matter. It is almost as if the simple savage had really introduced us to a vulture or an alligator, saying with a bow, "He is Totemistic, and

does not bite." It is almost as if the wild man of the woods hastily explained that he was an Euhemerist and meant no harm. But what I want to know is what these words really mean. What I want to know is what these men really felt like. What is a fetish? What is a totem? And the question brought me back to that infantile memory of the movement of public opinion among all the infants of England.

It was concerned with an elephant named Jumbo, who had been, alas! sold to Mr. Barnum for his show. Future students finding fragmentary accounts of that Crusade (I repeat shamelessly, that Crusade) may quite easily imagine that it was a religion in the same

were probably some sort of sacrificial cakes such as figured in so many pagan worships. But parallelism and comparative religion and the distribution of myths and all the rest of the dreadful business will soon descend upon us, and darker things will begin to develop. The connection of the children with this beast-god of Africa looks very like the connection of children with Moloch, the bestial god of Phœnicia. Doubtless the newspapers were priestly records that preserved a decent silence about the secrets known only to the initiate; but the truth was that in those later days of Queen Victoria a terrible Semitic religion had arisen. The children were in reality devoured by Jumbo. Even the newspapers actually speak of their being "devoted" to Jumbo. All the best scholars agree that the Latin word "devoted" had in it the idea of "doomed." And there you are.

This thesis is the sort of thing that is left in my mind after a long course of looking up books about myths and gods and totems. I still do not know whether a totem was regarded in the same light as Jumbo or in the same light as Mumbo Jumbo. In one sense Jumbo was worshipped as much as Apollo. In one sense Jumbo was mourned as much as Adonis. His beauty was not of the same decorative school, perhaps, but he was beautiful. But in what sense were Apollo and Adonis worshipped? A man who reads much of mythology will begin to grow doubtful about the answer. He will grow still more doubtful about whether a thing called a totem is necessarily worshipped at all. A totem is connected with a tribe; that is all we really know. But whether it was like the goat that is the mascot of a regiment or the goat that was the unclean fetish of the black sabbaths of Baphomet, that is quite another question. Whether the barbarian is more afraid of the animal as of a monster, or more familiar with the animal as with a pet, it would be more enlightening to know. It is the same with the legends; it is by no means clear how far men accepted them as fanciful, or even accepted them as false. For they were poems, which are always true even when they are false.

Thus there are several simple but profound ideas running parallel in mythologies; but the scientist can only discover the parallel while the poet can discover the ideas. There is something very deep in that idea of division rather than combination as the beginning of the cosmos, which can be found in Genesis in the enormous image of God dividing the waters. In folk-lore it sometimes presents earth and sky as a father and mother separated by a rebellious son, either in the gross story implied in the myth of Uranus or in the charming story of some savage tribe that a little pepper-plant grew and lifted the whole sky like a lid. This idea that creation contains separation and that mere unity might be almost nonentity is an ultimate truth; but it is a truth presented in shifting shadows as by an artist. Similarly there is the idea of another division, the death of one beloved and his doubtful or triumphant return; the gathering of the limbs of Osiris, the lament for Adonis. But this potential lament is in the very nature of love; it must be a tale of meeting and parting, or of parting and meeting once more. But it is as we meet our love in dreams; the imagery is all drifting and disordered; it can only be judged by the imagination. There are many suggestive myths about somebody stealing the sun, or hiding the god, or concealing the birth of the world-menacing hero; and we can only say of them, as of all poems, that they are very suggestive so long as we do not try to explain what they suggest.



WEARING A GIFT FROM THE LAND OF WHICH SHE IS THE NEW "VICEREINE": PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, IN THE OSTRICH-FEATHER MANTLE PRESENTED TO HER BY THE OSTRICH-FARMERS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The Earl of Athlone, Governor-General-designate of the Union of South Africa, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, were guests of honour, shortly before they left London, at a dinner given by the South African Luncheon Club. During the evening, Princess Alice was presented by Lady Walton, on behalf of the ostrich-farmers of South Africa, with the magnificent mantle of ostrich feathers which she is seen wearing in our photograph. It was made, from the finest specimens, by M. F. Lelion, of Paris. In expressing her thanks for the gift, the Princess said she would value it "as a warm-hearted token of friendship, just as I am setting out for South Africa." She was glad to hear that the ostrich-feather industry, which had suffered through the war, was looking up again, and she believed that it had a great future.—[Photograph by C.N.]

sense as savage or pagan cults. They may not un-naturally assume that Jumbo was one of the two divine names of Mumbo Jumbo. This will naturally connect it with the negro religion of Voodoo; and it will seem very natural that an African cult should have centred round an African animal. But Voodoo is a highly uncomfortable cult, for those who have a prejudice against devil-worship, human sacrifice, cannibalism, and similar local sports. It will therefore be at once apparent to the students of folk-lore that the connection between the children and Jumbo was of some horrible and inhuman kind. At first it will be admitted that the mysterious objects called "buns," which were offered to the elephant god in vast numbers,

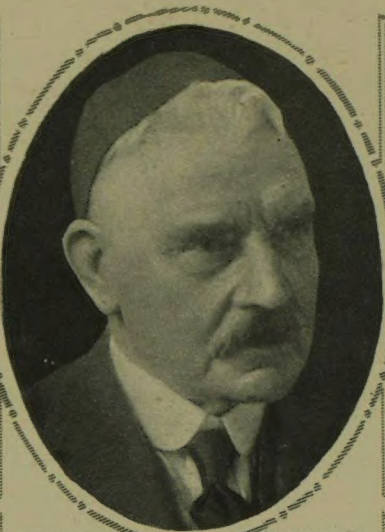


# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

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SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS  
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MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE  
HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. R. MITCHELL  
BANKS, M.P.



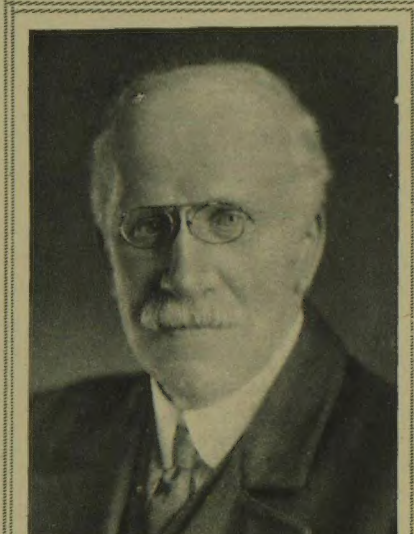
AUTHOR OF THE MYSTERY PLAY  
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BOOTH, OF OTTAWA: PRINCE ERIK  
OF DENMARK.



ENGAGED TO PRINCE ERIK OF DEN-  
MARK: MISS LOIS FRANCES BOOTH,  
OF OTTAWA.



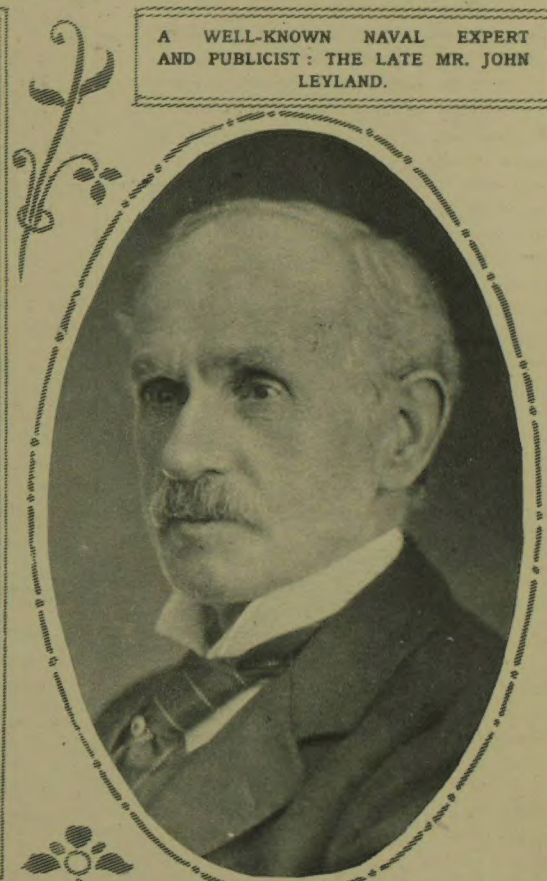
A WELL-KNOWN NAVAL EXPERT  
AND PUBLICIST: THE LATE MR. JOHN  
LEYLAND.



A FAMOUS ACTRESS WHO RETIRED  
AT 23: THE LATE MISS KATE TERRY.



PRODUCER OF THE MYSTERY PLAY IN A CHURCH AT LEEDS:  
MISS EDITH CRAIG, WITH ONE OF THE "IMPS" IN THE PLAY.



A FAMOUS EYE SPECIALIST: THE  
LATE SIR JOHN TWEEDY, F.R.C.S.

Mr. R. Mitchell Banks, K.C., is M.P. (Unionist) for Swindon, Wiltshire.—Lord Apsley is M.P. (Unionist) for Southampton.—Mr. G. Washington Browne, R.S.A., is a well-known Scottish architect. He designed the King Edward Memorial at Holyrood, unveiled by King George in 1922.—Colonel Templer was Superintendent of the Balloon Factory at Farnborough until he retired in 1906. He had been connected with military aeronautics since 1878, and did much to develop the service.—The late Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, a distinguished French-Canadian statesman, became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec only about a month ago. He had been a Judge of the Canadian Supreme Court since 1911.—Herr Hugo von Hofmannstahl is a German poet who wrote the mystery play, "The Great World Theatre" (illustrated and described on page 71

in this number), recently produced in a church at Leeds by Miss Edith Craig, daughter of Miss Ellen Terry.—Prince Erik is a son of Prince Valdemar of Denmark, and first cousin to King Christian and King George. Miss Booth is a daughter of Mr. J. Fred Booth, and grand-daughter of Mr. J. R. Booth, the millionaire "lumber king."—Mr. John Leyland had edited the "Army and Navy Gazette" and the journal of the Navy League, and wrote much on the Navy elsewhere.—Miss Kate Terry, eldest sister of Ellen, Marion, and Fred Terry, was born in 1844, and retired from the stage in 1867 after her marriage to Mr. Arthur Lewis. She had acted with Kean.—Sir John Tweedy was for many years Ophthalmic Surgeon at University College Hospital. He was President of the Royal College of Surgeons from 1903 to 1906.



# GLOWING WARMTH WITH TEMPERATURE BELOW ZERO: THE DELIGHTS OF WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND.

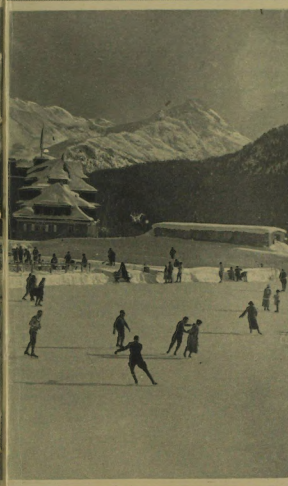
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., C.F.P.,  
L.N.A., S. AND G., AND T.P.A.



RIDING OVER THE CRISP, FINE SNOW: A CAVALCADE GOING OUT FOR A MORNING CANTER.



AT ST. MORITZ: A SKATING RINK, SKI-SLOPE IN



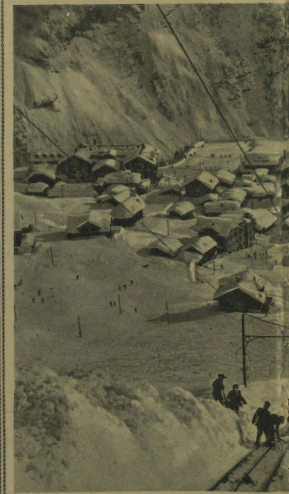
WITH CURLING RINK AND BEGINNERS' THE BACKGROUND.



WHERE ONE MAY SIT IN THE SUN: THE ROSATSCH, THE ST. MORITZ MIDDAY RENDEZVOUS.



HOW THE LUGES GET TO THE TOP OF THE HILL: A "TAILING" SCENE AT ST. MORITZ.



HALF-BURIED IN SNOW, BUT LIT BY BRILLIANT



SUNSHINE: MÜRREN, FROM THE FUNICULAR.



FANCY-DRESS FESTIVITIES TO END THE DAY: THE WINTER-SPORTS BALL AT THE SCHLOSS HOTEL, PONTRESINA.

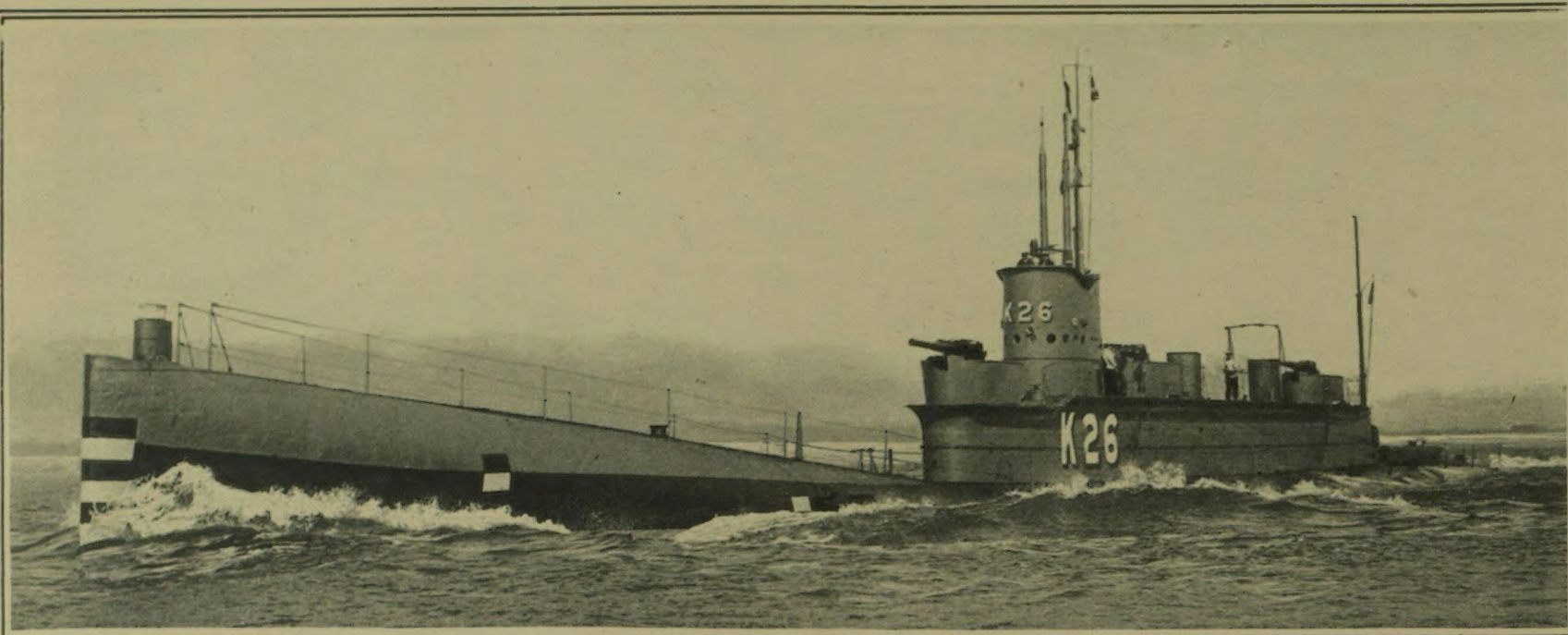
Every year the Winter-Sports Season in Switzerland grows more popular, and there is no doubt that, once one has tasted the exhilarating delights which it offers, one becomes a devotee. Skating, luge-ing, ski-running, curling, ice-hockey, and other pastimes may be indulged in all day, under a brilliant blue sky and in warm sunshine which seem to contradict the fact that the temperature is really below freezing point! The dry, powdery quality of the snow makes it something very different from the English variety, and the air has a wonderful "champagne" quality which renders it possible for winter-sports

enthusiasts to spend strenuous days out of doors, and yet be ready to dance until late into the night when evening comes. Switzerland is, in fact, a paradise in which one feels energetic all day long, and of late years the pursuit of winter sports has become quite a serious business. The standard of style and achievement grows higher every year, especially perhaps in ski-running, and some of the English visitors are accomplished winter-sportsmen, a fact which makes the various contests and competitions extremely interesting to watch.



# THE CRUISE OF THE "K 26"; A BISHOP ENTHRONED; NOTABLE FUNERALS.

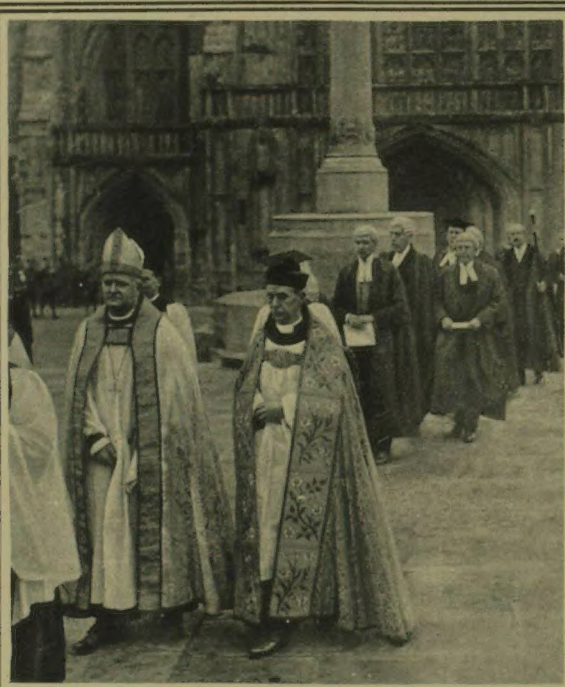
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA; G.P.U., AND TOPICAL.



BOUND FOR A 10,000-MILE CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE RED SEA: THE NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE "K26," THE SECOND LARGEST IN THE WORLD, MOUNTED WITH THREE 4-INCH GUNS IN BARBETTES.



SHOWING ONE OF HER 4-INCH GUNS AND CASEMATE: THE CONNING-TOWER OF SUBMARINE "K26."



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF A NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER: THE RIGHT REV. DR. F. T. WOODS (LEFT) LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL IN PROCESSION.



ANOTHER VIEW OF SUBMARINE "K26": LOOKING ALONG THE DECK FROM THE BOWS TO THE CONNING-TOWER.



LAYING TO REST THE AUTHOR OF "ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS": THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE REV. S. BARING-GOULD—TENANT-FARMERS BEARING THE COFFIN.

The "K 26" (Commander G. P. Thompson) left Portsmouth on January 2 for the longest voyage ever undertaken by a British submarine without a parent ship. She will traverse nearly 10,000 miles, and will be away three months. Her first port of call is Gibraltar, whence she will go to Malta and on to the Red Sea. She is the largest submarine actually in commission, and is only second in size to the new submarine "X1," whose tonnage is 2780 while that of the "K 26" is 2140.—The Right Rev. Frank Theodore Woods, D.D., previously Bishop of Peterborough, was enthroned as the eighty-fifth Bishop of Winchester, in the cathedral there, on Sunday, January 6, by the Archdeacon of Canterbury. Before the enthronement the new Bishop went in procession to the "mother" church of



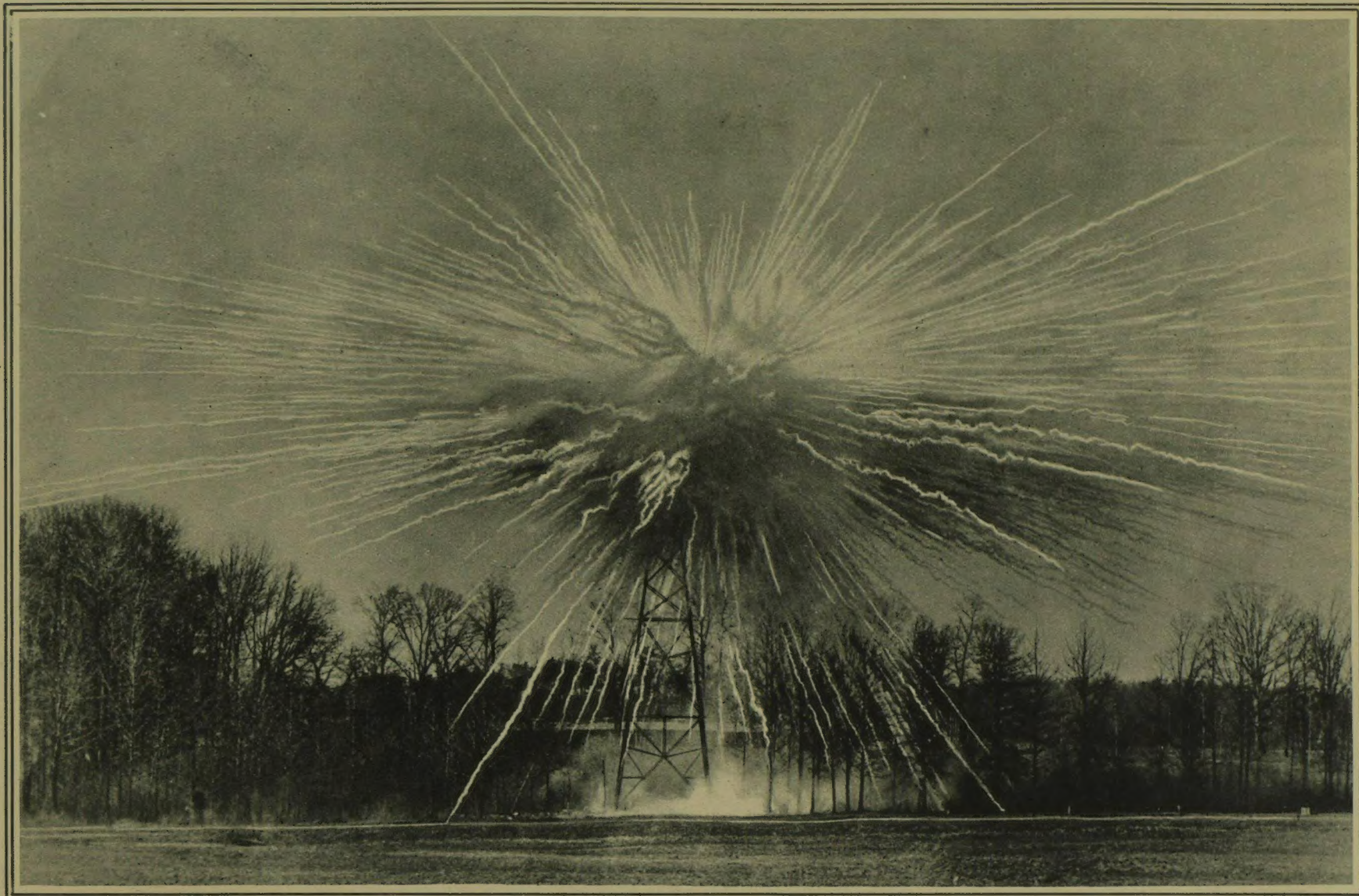
BRINGING HOME THE BODY OF THE "DIXMUDE'S" COMMANDER FOR BURIAL: THE COFFIN GUARDED BY FRENCH SAILORS ON BOARD THE "STRASBOURG."

St. Lawrence, where he received the keys from the Rector, unlocked the door, and performed the ceremony of "ringing himself in" by tolling the bell seven times.—On the same day, the late Rev. S. Baring-Gould, the well-known author, Rector and Squire of Lew Trenchard, Devon, was buried in his wife's grave there. His own hymn, "Now the Day is Over," was sung during the service. A portrait of him, with particulars of his career, appears on page 56.—The body of Naval Lieutenant du Plessis de Grenadan (Commander of the lost French air-ship "Dixmude") was found in the sea off Sicily, and was brought in the French cruiser "Strasbourg" to Toulon, where the funeral took place on January 5. The wreck of the "Dixmude" has been located off Sardinia.

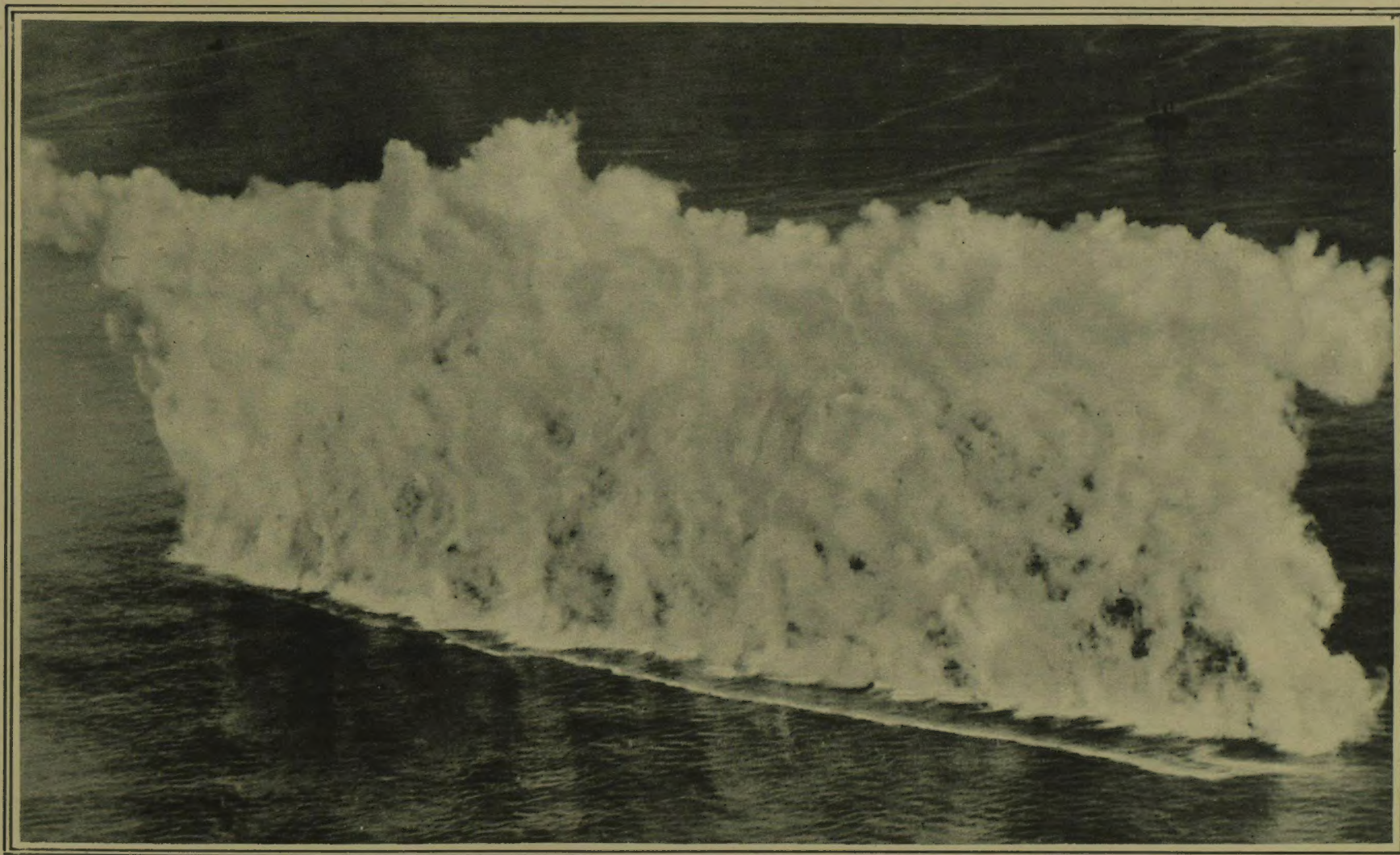


## NEW AIR WEAPONS BY LAND AND SEA: BURNING BOMBS; SMOKE-SCREENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNITED NEWS PICTURES, SUPPLIED BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



BURNING EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES: THE HUGE BLAZE OF A 25-LB. WHITE PHOSPHORUS AIR BOMB EXPLODED ON TOP OF A 90-FT. TOWER—A TEST BY THE UNITED STATES ARMY.



A NAVAL SMOKE-SCREEN LAID BY AEROPLANE: A "WALL" OF CLOUD 600 FT. HIGH THAT MAY BE "BUILT" WITHIN A MINUTE OVER A MILE OF SEA—A DEMONSTRATION BY THE U.S. ARMY CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE.

It has often been prophesied that, in any future war, the terrors of bomb-dropping and chemical weapons will far exceed those experienced between 1914 and 1918. The upper photograph appears to bear out the prediction. It illustrates a recent test by the United States Army of exploding a 25-lb. white phosphorus bomb at the top of a 90-ft. tower. "This bomb," it is stated, "is intended for aeroplane attack, and for incendiary purposes. The bomb itself is destructive, and the blazing hot phosphorus burns anything with which it comes

into contact." The lower photograph, which illustrates another recent demonstration made by the United States Army Chemical Service, shows how a smoke-screen at sea may be laid with great rapidity by aeroplane, instead of by a ship, as has usually been done heretofore. Such a smoke-screen, we are informed, can be laid by a fast machine for a length of more than a mile in less than a minute. The screen is six hundred feet high, and in the photograph its great size is indicated by the smallness of the ship seen in the right background.



ROYALTY AND EX-ROYALTY: NEW COINS; THE FATE OF "STATELY HOMES."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., THE "TIMES," AND L.N.A.



A DUTCH ROYAL EQUIPAGE IN SNOW TIME: QUEEN WILHELMINA AND PRINCESS JULIANA IN A HORSE-DRAWN SLEIGH AT THE HAGUE.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EX-KAISER (AT BACK, WITH A DOORN NOTABLE) AND HIS NEW FAMILY: OUT WALKING WITH HIS SECOND WIFE AND HER CHILDREN.



NEW SOUTH AFRICAN COINAGE: THE HALF-CROWN AND FLORIN, WITH THE ARMS OF SOUTH AFRICA ON THE REVERSE.



WITH VAN RIEBEECK'S SHIP ON PENNIES AND HALF-PENNIES AND THE BIBLICAL "TWO SPARROWS" ON FARTHING: NEW SOUTH AFRICAN COINS.



BEARING THE FIGURE OF GOOD HOPE ON THE REVERSE: THE NEW SOUTH AFRICAN SHILLING (TOP), WITH THE SIXPENCE AND THREEPENNY BIT.



WHERE QUEEN ELIZABETH WAS ENTERTAINED BY SIR HENRY JERNINGHAM: COSTESSEY HALL, NEAR NORWICH, IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.

In the Queen of Holland's snow-sleigh, it will be observed, the driver sits behind, while a footman stands on the back end of one of the runners.—The Kaiser's wedding to his second wife, Princess Hermine of Reuss, widow of Prince George of Schonaich-Carolath, took place at Doorn in November 1922. New light has recently been thrown on the "glare and glitter" of his former Imperial Court by the diary of Count Zedlitz. It forms a striking contrast to the obscurity of his post-war life in exile.—The new South African silver and copper coins are being struck at the lately opened Branch Mint in Pretoria, which will also issue new gold coins. The obverses of those here illustrated bear the standard



POSSIBLY TO BE PULLED DOWN: THE HISTORIC HOUSE AT CASSIOBURY PARK, NEAR WATFORD, ASSOCIATED WITH THE EARL OF ESSEX OF ELIZABETHAN DAYS.

pattern of the King's effigy as used throughout the Empire, though the home series still circulates in New Zealand and various colonies. Van Riebeeck, whose historic ship appears on the penny and halfpenny, was the first Dutch Governor of the Cape. The farthing recalls the familiar Bible verse: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?"—The manor of Costessey was given by Queen Mary to Sir Henry Jerningham, who rebuilt the hall, and entertained Queen Elizabeth there. Cassiobury Hall was lately sold by the Earl of Essex to the Cassiobury Estates Company, who are said to be undecided whether to pull it down or not.



## A LEAP INTO SPACE: SKI-JUMPING, MOST SPECTACULAR ALPINE SPORT.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



WINTER SPORT UNAFFECTED BY THE AVALANCHES IN SWITZERLAND: THE SKI-JUMPING CONTEST AT ST. MORITZ—  
A COMPETITOR PHOTOGRAPHED IN MID-AIR AFTER "TAKING-OFF" FROM THE HIGH PLATFORM.

The heavy snowstorms and numerous avalanches (some of which are illustrated on other pages) have not interfered much with winter sport in Switzerland, as they occurred for the most part in places unfrequented by visitors. Skiing expeditions on the higher slopes, however, were rendered dangerous by the quantity of fresh and unsettled snow. In spite of this danger, ski-ers carried supplies of food to many mountain villages isolated through the blocking of roads by snow. The ski-jumping competition at St. Moritz on Sunday, December 30, was a great success. The winner was M. Eldenbenz, of St. Moritz; while M. Buol, of Davos,

was second; and M. Koch, of St. Moritz, third. 'Of all spectacular feats comparable upon frozen snow surfaces,' writes Mr. E. F. Benson in his book on "Winter Sports in Switzerland," "ski-jumping is the most amazing. . . . As he approaches the jumping platform he (the jumper) crouches low, and just as he traverses it he springs upwards and forwards into the air. High above your head, a veritable flying man, he soars. For 100 ft. or more he continues this amazing flight." Landing on a steep, hard slope, he shoots down it and then suddenly swings round and comes to a dead stop, facing up the slope.



# AVALANCHE HAVOC: EFFECTS OF SNOW AND AIR PRESSURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTON KRENN, ZURICH.



WITH A HUGE TREE-TRUNK BLOWN 90 YARDS BY AIR PRESSURE ON TO THE ROOF: A TWO-STOREY HOUSE WRECKED BY AN AVALANCHE AT AIROLO.



ONE OF MANY AVALANCHES THAT BLOCKED THE ST. GOTHARD LINE NEAR AIROLO: A HUGE MASS OF SNOW FILLING UP A VALLEY.



NO LOSS OF LIFE, THOUGH 17 FAMILIES HAD TO LEAVE THEIR WRECKED HOMES: RESCUING INMATES OF A TWO-STOREY HOUSE THROUGH THE ROOF.



IN THE DIRECT PATH OF THE AVALANCHE: THE QUARTER OF AIROLO THAT SUFFERED MOST—THE MAIN STREET, WITH THE HOTEL MOTTA.



WHERE THE OCCUPANT HAD A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE, BEING FOUND ALIVE AMID THE DÉBRIS: A WRECKED BED-ROOM IN THE VILLA ZOPPI AT AIROLO.

These photographs, taken at Airolo, near the Italian end of the St. Gothard tunnel, are typical of the havoc wrought in many places by the recent avalanches in Switzerland. The correspondent who took them writes: "Airolo was, during the night of December 28-29, the scene of an avalanche disaster, the worst for sixty years. . . . Nearly one-third of the large village has suffered more or less. . . . In all seventeen families had to be removed. The part to suffer most was the quarter near the Hotel Motta, which lay in the direct line of the path of the avalanche. The large building of the Fort administration is badly destroyed, the inside filled with masses of snow, also the Hotel Motta lying obliquely opposite, the roof of which was almost torn away. . . . A two-storey building further down the hill carries on its roof an enormous tree-trunk, weighing

many hundredweights. This tree-trunk was carried by air pressure about ninety yards through the air and thrown on to the house, which presents a fanciful aspect with its remarkable decoration. . . . That the catastrophe was not still more disastrous in its effects is due to the big protective wall which was erected above the place and which has hitherto been able to hold back all avalanches and falling stones. . . . The impact on the wall acted like an earthquake shock. The air pressure produced by the avalanche was so great that persons standing in the railway station were thrown down. As at the same time the electric light went out, the population were seized with panic, which only subsided when it was found that by a miracle no human life had been lost. The damage is estimated at 300,000 francs."



## THE "AVALANCHE" OF SWISS AVALANCHES: AN ALPINE RECORD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON KRENN, ZURICH.



TYPICAL OF THE RECENT AVALANCHES IN SWITZERLAND, OF WHICH TWENTY HAVE OCCURRED IN ONE WEEK, CAUSING LOSS OF LIFE AND £500,000 DAMAGE: ONE OF SEVERAL THAT BLOCKED THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY.

The number of avalanches in the Alps, due to recent heavy falls of snow, has been the greatest within living memory at this time of year. Official figures for the week ending December 27 specified twenty serious avalanches, by which five people were killed and several injured, and property damaged to the value of £500,000. To mention a few out of many—avalanches at Leysin, Canton Vaud, destroyed four chalets, and struck an hotel and a sanatorium, from which the patients were rescued. Another occurred on the Ringenbühl, near Meiringen, killing a man and many cattle. Another man was killed on December 24 near Les Diablerets, where

nine houses were destroyed. The same night a man and a woman were killed by a great avalanche at Le Sepey, Canton Vaud, where two chalets were carried away. An avalanche fell above Château d'Oex, but was stopped by a ravine. The Hotel Belle Vue at Adelboden, Canton Berne, was damaged. The St. Gothard line was blocked by many avalanches near Amsteg and Wassen. So, also, were the Montreux-Oberland Railway, the Brunig Railway, near Giswil, and the Aarberg line. Above Martigny, Canton Valais, twelve empty chalets were swept away. Many mountain villages have been isolated, and food had to be taken to them by ski-ers.



# THE WORST FLOOD IN PARIS SINCE 1910: ROADS TURNED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, C.N.

# INTO CANALS; 4500 PEOPLE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES.

TOPICAL AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



ONLY FOUR OR FIVE FEET LOWER THAN DURING THE GREAT FLOOD OF 1910: THE SEINE AT NOTRE DAME, WHERE THE BRIDGE HAS BEEN STRENGTHENED SINCE THAT YEAR.



PREVENTIVE WORK TO LIMIT THE EXTENSION OF THE FLOODS IN PARIS: WORKMEN HASTILY CONSTRUCTING A DAM AT THE PONT GRENNELLE.



OF THE FLOODS IN PARIS: WORKMEN HASTILY CONSTRUCTING A DAM AT THE PONT GRENNELLE.



THE "LIFE-BOAT" REACHES A HALF-SUBMERGED MOTOR-CAR: SAILORS FROM BREST ON RESCUE WORK NEAR ALFORTVILLE, WHERE EVERY HOUSE WAS FLOODED.



VENETIAN SCENES IN CHOISY-LE-ROI, A NEIGHBOURING SUBURB: A STREET CONVERTED INTO A CANAL, SHOWING A PETROL PUMP SURROUNDED WITH WATER, AND PEOPLE GOING ABOUT IN BOATS.



WITH THE WINNING-POST RISING ABOVE THE WATER: THE FLOODED RACECOURSE AT LONGCHAMP.



THE WATERS LIKE A BUOY, AMONG OTHER STRUCTURES: THE FLOODED RACECOURSE AT LONGCHAMP.



THE TOPS OF LAMP-POSTS JUST SHOWING ABOVE THE SURFACE, WITH THE ROOF OF A KIOSK: DEEP WATER IN A FLOODED DISTRICT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS.

The recent floods in Paris, which on January 6 reached a level of 24 ft. above normal at the Pont d'Austerlitz, about a mile up-stream from Notre Dame, passed the highest point attained by those of 1920, and were only four or five feet lower than the great flood of 1910, when 50,000 people were rendered homeless, and material damage was done to property amounting to £40,000,000. Since that year large sums have been spent on various works, such as deepening the bed of the river, the demolition of locks and the Pont de la Tournelle, and the strengthening of the bridge leading to the island on which stands Notre Dame. Nevertheless, Paris is still in danger from floods every winter, and this time over 4500 of the inhabitants were compelled to leave their homes. It was in some of the suburbs that the worst effects of the present flood were experienced, as at Bry, Vitry, Champigny, Les Perreux, Choisy-le-Roi,

and Alfortville. At the last-named place, it was reported, every house was flooded. Sailors and soldiers were at work there throughout the night of January 3-4 in removing occupants and furniture from threatened buildings, and a regular system of warnings was established, with provision of accommodation for the homeless. At Choisy, an aeroplane postal service was initiated, and at St. Cloud, a service of boats for carrying supplies of food to families who had to retreat to the upper storeys of their houses. The racecourse at Longchamp was completely under water. Several underground railway stations were inundated, including the Gare des Invalides, as shown on another page. An official statement on January 6 said that it was expected the river would begin to subside on that evening, and that, unless there were heavy rain meanwhile, it would return to the usual winter level in a week.



## "SITTERS BEHIND THE CURTAIN": THE CHANGING EAST.

### "PERSIAN WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS." By C. Colliver Rice.\*

THE reliable Reuter announced from Teheran the other day that the Persian Government had decided to sell part of the Crown Jewels, and other treasures, in order to raise money for the construction of railways. Our daily newspapers either submerged the statement or dealt with it romantically, telling the "Arabian Night's" story of the Ocean of Light and the Mountain of Light; of the Kaianian Crown; of the golden globe of the World, with its emerald seas and its precious lands; of the diamonds and the pearls, the rubies, the emeralds, and the sapphires; and of the largest turquoise of the earth. That is

In her earliest years she will grow amidst fatalism, superstition, and ignorance, and will be lucky to escape serious illness or death. Probably she will be soothed with opium. "Thousands of babies are sent to sleep with a few whiffs of opium blown into their faces, or by sucking the mother's finger, under the nail of which is a tiny scrap of opium." After she is a week old, she will be given milkless tea, much sweetened; and, before very long, bread, carrots, and cucumbers; with sugar tied in muslin as a "comforter." So far she is as well off as her brother, although she is sure to be favoured with fewer charms against the Evil Eye—verses from the Qu'ran, blue beads or shells, the dried eye of a sheep killed at Mecca on the Day of Sacrifice, or the outstretched hand, with thumb and fingers symbolising Muhammad, Fatimah, Ali, Hasan, and Hosein—for "the Qu'ran says that God desires to make things easy for men," and the male child is more likely to possess the rosary—ninety-nine beads to the chain, each the outward and visible sign of a title of God.

Later, when she is eight or nine, she may be betrothed, although she will remain with her mother for some years. And when the hour comes for the actual wedding, she will see her husband for the first time, perhaps to find him old enough to be her grandfather; negating the good wishes on the tray—a saucer of butter or fat, signifying the hope that life may be free from friction; a knotted cord, emblem of the tying of the matrimonial knot; grain, for fruitfulness;

"Many mosques exist which women may enter only from a side street and by a back entrance; others they are not allowed to enter at all."

"Many of the women [of the villages and tribes] who work in the rice-fields in North Persia are married by the owner of the fields for the season and then divorced." Indeed, the ease with which divorce is effected is one of the greatest dangers of Islam: "From the time of Muhammad onwards, men have taken advantage of the permission granted to them. As an extreme example of this, the prophet's own grandson married and divorced about one hundred women. He is spoken of as 'an excessive marrier and divorcer.' . . . This grandson, Imam Hasan, was declared by the prophet to be 'one of the Lords of the youths of Paradise.'"

Pilgrimage is woman's great chance of merit and honour—and seeing a little of the outside world, on the way to Mecca, Kербela, Meshed, or Kum, where there is a special shrine to which go those who wish to become mothers of sons. Some women beg their way to a sacred city. "Wealthy women travel with several attendants, and in a manner befitting their rank. . . . Poorer women may go as servants, or in the place of some rich woman who has neither the strength nor the inclination to go, but wishes for the merit of the undertaking. A man will sometimes marry a woman who is a Sayyid, and send her on a pilgrimage, so that he may have the merit of it. He will divorce her on her return."

That is the trouble: the man must have the merit of it! In fairness, however, it must be noted that it is not every Persian "sitter behind the curtain" who suffers from her lord and master: the instances given are very, very common, but they are less frequent than they were, though the general principles remain. Many women are so accustomed to the life laid down for them by generations gone before that they are as happy birds in a cage; many find their marriages to their liking; others are content because submissive; others have learnt the meaning of education and hygiene—and of practical politics—and find pleasure in their new ideas and in the helping of others. Even in Persia there is change: is not the Persian Government to sell Crown Jewels in order to construct railways?

None to whom the East is more than a name can afford to miss or to skim Mrs. Colliver Rice's illuminating book; it is at once a record and a revelation.

E. H. G.

*Onward Christian Soldier*

*Marching as to war.*

*With the Cross of Jesus*

*Going on before.*

*At the sign of triumph*

*St. Peter's Legion flies*

*Onward Christian Soldier*

*March to victory*

*S. Baring-Gould*

IN ITS AUTHOR'S HANDWRITING: A VERSE OF MR. BARING-GOULD'S MOST FAMOUS HYMN—A RECENT AUTOGRAPH.

Mr. Baring-Gould wrote "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" during his first curacy, at Horbury, Yorks, which he took in 1864. The story goes that his Bishop objected to the lines, "With the Cross of Jesus going on before," as being ritualistic, whereupon the author suggested "Left behind the door" for the second line!

well, but it is not enough. The significance lies not in the determination; not in the scattering of a horde long cherished; but in the application of the proceeds, the proof that one of the least developed countries of the Orient is willing to bow to Time and Progress and to cease living as it did a thousand years ago.

It is true that the last two decades have witnessed many changes in the land of the Shah, but these have been confined chiefly to the centres: travel has been at the rate of some twenty-five miles a day! With the coming of the rails, the future will be different. The men of the cities will know the villages and the towns; and the men of the wastes and the wilds, the men of the streets and the bazaars. The women who incline towards the West will influence the women of the ancient East.

And it is in the women, more especially, that Mrs. Colliver Rice sees salvation, the rising of the new Persia from the ashes of the old.

But, as yet, the Female of the Species is not deadlier than the Male in the Land of the Sun! Of the ten million dwellers there, all are Mohammedans save a hundred and twenty-nine thousand, and Islam gives little to women and exacts much, whether it be represented by the Qu'ran, "peerless in style and language and authority, and miraculous in origin"; by the Traditions, which are "Muhammad's table-talk, manners, dress, down to the most intimate and insignificant details of his daily life"; or, as is usual, by both.

The girl child is not welcome in Persia. "The preparations for a baby boy are wonderful and elaborate; but if the arrival turns out to be a girl the beautiful hammock cradle may be replaced by an inferior one, the baby will not be weighed and the corresponding weight of sweets distributed to relatives and friends; there will be no music, no dancing boys, no excitement." So it is with her all her restricted life, from the hour at which—even as it is with her brother—she is so stiffly swaddled that when she is a week old she can be put to stand against a wall; to that at which she dies, and is buried in a grave dug north and south, on her side so that she faces Mecca, and with short sticks under the arms to assist her in assuming a sitting posture for the examination by the angels of death.

\* "Persian Women and Their Ways: The Experiences and Impressions of a Long Sojourn Amongst the Women of the Land of the Shah, with an Intimate Description of their Characteristics, Customs, and Manner of Living." By C. Colliver Rice. With many illustrations and a Sketch Map. (Seeley, Service and Co.; 21s. net.)



THE YORKSHIRE MILL LASS WHO BECAME MRS. BARING-GOULD: GRACE TAYLOR AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

While curate of Horbury the Rev. S. Baring-Gould fell in love with a young factory girl named Grace Taylor, daughter of Joseph Taylor, a mill-hand. He arranged for her education, at York, and married her at Horbury in 1869. The union proved remarkably happy. A similar romance is described in his novel, "Through Fire and Flame." Mrs. Baring-Gould died in 1916.

and bread for plentifulness and prosperity.

Once married, she will be as the others of her station, and her trials and tribulations will vary with the character of her husband and his position in the world, and with the ways and whims of his other wives and his concubines. "She is a *pardah nasheen*. . . . If she leaves her house she must be completely hidden from top to toe with her hideous black *chādar* and thick veil," invisible. Only can the individual be recognised in the street by her walk, the colour of the selvedge of her enveloping cloak, the clasp of her latticed, cambric veil, or, maybe, because she favours, in place of the veil, the cooler *pêché*—shield of black horse-hair, some nine inches square, ribbon-bound at the top.

"If she is at a show of any kind she must still be closely veiled, or else sit behind two or three curtains. . . . If she proves intractable, or fails to please her husband in her work and ways, she is threatened with divorce. . . . When a man and woman are seen together in the streets, the man invariably walks in front, often carrying on a conversation with the woman, who walks behind!"



NOVELIST, HYMN-WRITER, HAGIOLOGIST, FOLK-LORIST, AND SQUIRE: THE LATE REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who died on January 2 within a month of his ninetieth birthday, was a versatile and prolific writer, with a strong touch of humour. He published over forty novels: "Lives of the Saints" in 15 volumes, with other religious works; made collections of West Country ballads and folk-lore; and wrote several famous hymns—"Onward, Christian Soldiers!" "Now the Day is Over," and "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow." He was one of the last of the old order of squire-parsons. In 1872 he succeeded to the family estates at Lew Trenchard, Devon, where he was Rector from 1891 until his death. In 1906 his "death" was announced in error for that of a cousin, and he enjoyed reading his own obituaries.—[From the Painting by Sydney Carter.]



THE SWOLLEN SEINE THREATENS PARIS BRIDGES: A FLOODED STATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL AND C.N.



WITH THE RIVER LEVEL NEARLY REACHING THE TOP OF THE ARCHES: THE PONT AU CHANGE DURING THE FLOOD.



SHOWING THE QUAI DE L'HORLOGE, AND NOTRE DAME IN THE BACKGROUND: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME BRIDGE.



WITH THE FIGURE OF THE ZOUAVE HALF-SUBMERGED: THE PONT DE L'ALMA, NEAR WHICH AN UNDERGROUND STATION WAS FLOODED.



SHORTLY BEFORE THE SEINE REACHED A LEVEL OF 24 FEET ABOVE NORMAL: THE RIVER AT THE PONT ALEXANDRE.



WHERE PEDESTRIANS COULD ONLY CROSS THE FLOODED STREET ON GANGWAYS: A SCENE OUTSIDE THE MAIRIE AT CLICHY.



WITH THE ENTRANCE STAIRWAY FULL OF WATER: AN UNDERGROUND STATION, THE GARE DES INVALIDES, COMPLETELY FLOODED.

On January 6 the level of the Seine at the Pont d'Austerlitz was officially stated to have reached a height of 24 ft. above normal, which was regarded as likely to be the maximum. In the central parts of Paris the flooded districts comprised a length of about two miles along the left bank of the river, where the underground line of the Orleans railway was under water between the Gare d'Austerlitz and the Gare d'Orsay, opposite the Tuileries Gardens, and also at the Gare des Invalides. The outskirts of the city, as indicated on our double-page of photographs, suffered still more severely. Near the Invalides station, a wall

separating the river from the electric railway, which there runs along the embankment of the Champ de Mars, suddenly collapsed for nearly 200 ft., at 4.30 a.m. on January 5. The torrent poured into the channel formed by the railway, which became a canal connecting two lakes, one at the Gare des Invalides and the other at the Champ de Mars goods station. Three electricians were at work in charge of pumps when the wall fell, and one of them, who was in the tunnel, had to run for his life to reach the station before the flood entered it. Another station near the Pont de l'Alma was flooded to a depth of several feet.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## RAVENING JELLY-FISH!

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

BY our present standards of comparison, to liken a man to a "Jelly-fish" is as much as to say that he is a poor, feckless creature, ordained to serve as a butt for practical jokes, or as a victim for the unscrupulous, since he will never have the spirit to turn on his tormentors. Henceforth, however, we must be more circumspect in our comparisons; we must find, for such timid souls, a new standard. And this because recent research has shown that the jelly-fish is, in reality, "a very devil of a fellow"—at least, in the days of his hot youth! Under the veil of frailty, than which nothing could seem more frail, he masks a capacity for rapine that is astounding. The unbelieving may convince themselves as to the need for revising their conceptions of this once-despised creature, if they will but listen to Dr. Marie

by a most ravenous appetite; nothing comes amiss to it. Spreading out its enormously long and excessively delicate tentacles, it pursues its way along the crowded highways of the sea, seeking whom it may devour. Its long, invisible, vibrant tentacles make no mistake, waste no energy, in seizing prey too large to be safely tackled. But whatsoever receives the fatal touch must yield. The young of jelly-fishes other than its own species, arrow-worms, larvae of crabs, and larval fishes—gobies, blennies, bull-heads, pollack, rockling—are all eagerly taken, three, and even four, at a time! As soon as the fatal touch is given, the tentacle begins slowly to retract, till the victim is drawn up to the mouth. Some species have pendent lips, which close around the captive, and force it towards the stomach. It is not necessary that they should enter this. Its digestive juices are poured into the bag-like cavity formed by the approximated lips, till the victim is demolished.

Two young, and lively, *Aequorea* were placed in a tank together. For three weeks they lived riotously on young sucker-fish and other juicy morsels. Then a tragedy happened—one of them was itself eaten by a swimming crab! The other, possibly not sorry to lose a competitor, lived on for another two months like an epicure. His choice fell upon the young of one of the plume-gilled molluscs, young sucker-fish, blennies, and pipe-fish, two or three a day. On a day in August he narrowly escaped the fate of his companion—a swimming crab bit a piece out of his "umbrella"—his disc-like body—and he was given up for dead. But in the space of a few hours, he "sat up and took a little nourishment"—a young pipe-fish. Next day the wound had healed, and he was as well as ever. In the adjoining illustration (Fig. 2), the method of capturing pipe-fish is well shown. In the top right-hand figure, one sees what happens after a full meal. Coiled round the periphery of the central disc—the stomach—will be seen two pipe-fish, head to tail. In the lower figure the stomach is seen crowded with young blennies. At this time, it will be noticed, the tentacles are withdrawn within the body, only their tips protruding. What happened to it in the end Dr. Lebour does not tell us.

A species of jelly-fish resembling a transparent sack, with a fringe (its tentacles) around the mouth, is particularly voracious, engulfing prey even longer than itself. One such will be seen in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 3), which has swallowed a young whiting, whose tail can be seen dangling among the tentacles. All kinds of young fish, as well as crustacea in the larval stages, are greedily devoured. Unlike other jelly-fish, it seems to be distasteful to other animals, for few will touch it.

Our beaches, during the autumn, are often strewn with myriads of small, translucent, almost spherical jelly-fish, which, if placed in a bowl of water, will swim about by means of a wonderful arrangement of paddles, arranged in rows down the body. A pair of extremely long and delicate tentacles serve the purposes of a lasso. They look harmless enough, but one cannot judge by appearances. This species feeds largely upon pipe-fish, the heads of which are usually rejected. Young gobies, herring, and plaice eggs, arrow-worms, and small crustacea are also eaten. This much has been proved by specimens taken in nets in the open sea. The

stomachs of some of these have been described as "full of young herring." Young plaice, as well as their eggs, are also eaten.

When one contemplates the great length and excessive delicacy of the tentacles of these creatures, one is impressed with the enormous dragging power they possess. Seldom, indeed, does a victim escape, once these deadly threads have touched it. It seems incredible that bodies so unsubstantial, bodies which can be dissipated on a piece of blotting-paper, could be so formidable. We pay a man a compliment, indeed, when we liken him to a jelly-fish!

One is inclined, perhaps, to be sorry for the poor "arrow-worm," so commonly preyed upon by the various species of jelly-fish. But he is really just as bad. See three of them in the picture (Fig. 4), eating poor little herrings, but lately come into the world. In the central figure of the three engaged in this slaughter of the innocents, the herring will be found safely tucked away inside the translucent body. Herring form the staple diet during January and February. For the rest of the year it manages on the younger members of its own tribe, and small crustacea. In suitable localities this frail, innocent-looking creature swims at, or near, the surface of the sea in swarms, and must do an appreciable amount of damage to the herring-fry. And that is where we come in. We always want to suppress our rivals. But any "Society for the Suppression of Arrow-worms" would have to be dissolved—for the

arrow-worm, in its turn, furnishes part of the food supply of other fishes, upon which we, in turn, feed.

For some reason or other, the arrow-worm cannot be kept in an aquarium for more than a few hours. Our knowledge as to their food is mainly derived from specimens taken in the nets at sea.

The poor herring is a much-persecuted fish, largely on account of its sociable habits. Jelly-fish

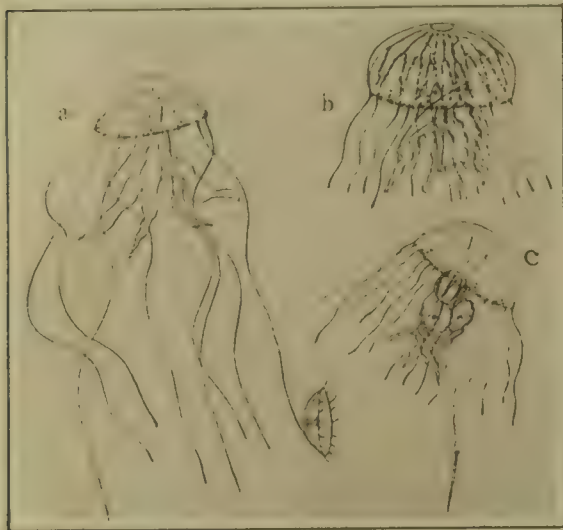


FIG. 1.—THE VORACITY OF JELLY-FISHES: A *CHRYSAORA* FISHING.

The diagrams show: (a) A young jelly-fish of another species caught by a tentacle; (b) 2 pollack held by the pendent lips to be subjected to the dissolving juices of the stomach; (c) several small jelly-fish caught.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

Lebour, who, for some long time past, has been investigating the life histories of jelly-fish in the laboratories of the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth.

Dr. Lebour has made a long and patient study of the feeding-habits of a considerable number of species of jelly-fish—captives in the tanks of the wonderful aquarium, which is an essential part of the Plymouth Laboratory—and the results obtained are checked by observations on the stomachs of specimens of the same and nearly allied species, taken in the open sea. The one set of observations supplements and confirms, but in no wise contradicts, the other. Jelly-fish, it is to be noted, form a part of what is known as the "Plankton-fauna" of the sea. This term was originally coined to denote all the aquatic organisms, whether plant or animal, which are perforce passively carried along, by currents, whether at the surface or in deep water, by tide or wind. Jelly-fish, seemingly innocent creatures, mingle with the crowd, as it were, for nefarious purposes.

Jelly-fish are almost the only hint that ordinary folk ever get of the existence of this "plankton"; and this hint is afforded by the vast numbers of these creatures which are so often to be seen stranded upon the beach. For miles at a stretch their water-logged bodies, crystal-clear, may be seen in every stage of disintegration. Yet how few people realise how profoundly interesting this wreckage really is!

It is time, some may think, that I came to the matter of what jelly-fish live upon; and how they obtain that sustenance. Let me, then, take the case of "*Chrysaora isosceles*" (Fig. 1). While quite young, and no more than an inch in diameter, it is possessed

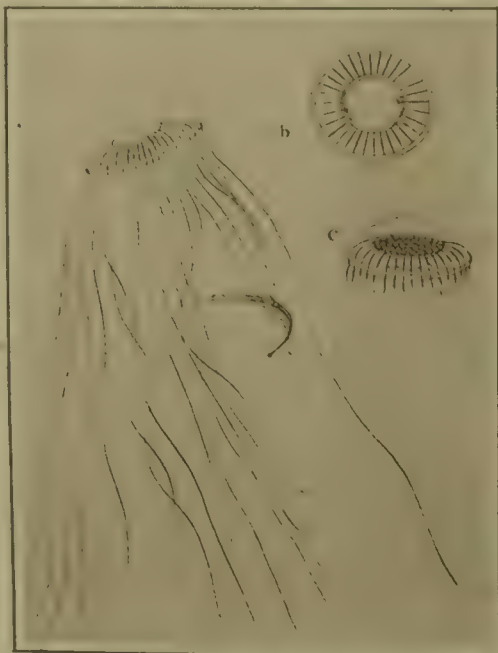


FIG. 2.—THE JELLY-FISH NOT A TYPE OF TIMIDITY: AN *AQUOREA* AND ITS PREY. The left drawing shows the *Aequorea* catching a pipe-fish; (b) two pipe-fish coiled within its stomach; (c) the stomach full of blennies.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]



FIG. 3.—A SACK-LIKE JELLY-FISH THAT ENGLUFS PREY LONGER THAN ITSELF: A TURBOT THAT HAS SWALLOWED A YOUNG WHITING, WHOSE TAIL DANGLES AMONG THE TENTACLES.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

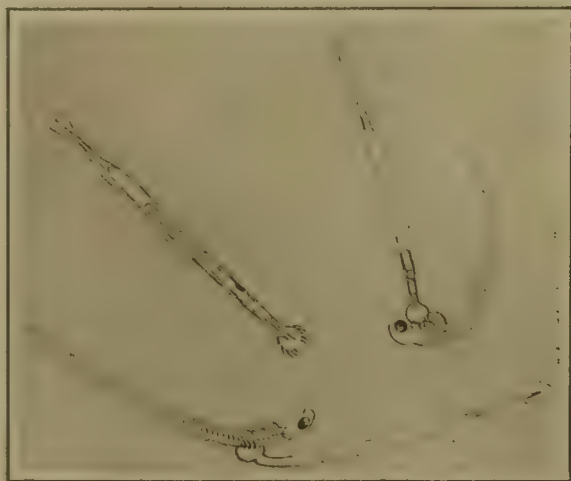


FIG. 4.—PREYED UPON BUT PREYING: THREE ARROW-WORMS (*SAGITTA*) CATCHING YOUNG HERRINGS, THE CENTRAL WORM HAVING ALREADY SWALLOWED ONE.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

and arrow-worms eat them; whales and porpoises eat them; and, lastly, man eats them. But "Man," as always, is the most destructive and remorseless of all; he takes the largest toll of all, and, what is more, having caught them, will not scruple to scatter them broadcast over his fields for manure, if the price they will fetch in the market, as human food, is not sufficiently remunerative.

This brief outline of Dr. Lebour's work is but one of a number of such Reports contained in the December issue of the Journal of the Marine Biological Association, all bearing on problems of vital importance to our Fisheries. Yet, how many people are aware of the existence of this Association, and of the splendid work it is doing. Those who are interested in fishery problems should certainly join the Association, as well as those interested rather in the problems presented by the study of the inter-relations of animals.



## TUTANKHAMEN ART IN COLOUR: AN EXCLUSIVE REPRODUCTION.

REPRODUCED UNDER THE ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. HOWARD CARTER GIVING THE SOLE COLOUR RIGHTS IN CONNECTION WITH TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



"IN GOLD-WORK, IVORY, AND CRYSTALLINE LIMESTONE, INLAID WITH POLYCHROME FAIENCE, GLASS, AND STONE": THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD GOD BES, FROM A ROYAL CHARIOT—AN AUTOCHROME.

We resume here the series of colour reproductions, for which we hold the sole rights, of the exquisite works of ancient Egyptian art at the period of its zenith, found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. The series began in our issue of November 10 last, and in that of January 5 we notified our readers that there had been some delay in the despatch of the colour photographs from the tomb, as the great heat in Egypt had made the taking of autochromes very difficult, but that we had now received some more wonderful examples and were expecting a further consignment. They will appear in our pages exclusively, and as soon as

possible, compatibly with careful preparation of the blocks to ensure exact representations of the originals. In the fulfilment of this promise a beginning is made on this and the succeeding double-page. The official description of one of the two golden state chariots found in the ante-chamber says: "At the lower extremities of the body are finely moulded heads of the household god Bes, in gold-work, ivory, and crystalline limestone, inlaid with polychrome faience, glass, and stone." A black-and-white photograph of the above head appeared in our issue of December 29.



# A PHARAOH'S "STATE COACH": ONE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S CHARIOTS.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.

BEARING  
"AN ELABORATE  
SCROLL DESIGN,  
WITH BEAUTIFUL  
INLAID ROSETTES  
OF SILVER STONES,  
AND IN FRONT, ON  
THE BREASTWORK,  
THE PROTOCOL OF  
THE KING":  
THE OUTSIDE OF  
THE BODY OF  
ONE OF  
TUTANKHAMEN'S  
GOLDEN STATE  
CHARIOTS.



SHOWING THE  
HEAD OF THE  
GOD BES, AND PART  
OF THE PANEL  
REPRESENTING  
THE KING AS A  
SPHINX TRAMPLING  
ON HIS FOES,  
REPRODUCED IN  
COLOUR ELSE-  
WHERE IN THIS  
NUMBER: THE IN-  
SIDE OF THE SAME  
CHARIOT BODY  
COVERED WITH  
EMBOSSSED GOLD.



The glittering splendour of Tutankhamen's state chariots, covered with sheet gold beautifully embossed and inlaid, is illustrated on other pages in this number in colour autochromes, for the reproduction of which "The Illustrated London News" possesses the sole rights. The colour pictures show the exquisite design embossed on the inner panel of one of the chariots, and an enlargement of one of the heads of the household god Bes forming part of its ornamentation. The above photographs of the same chariot are given to show the position of these two heads, at

the base of the frame at each corner of the floor, and also the position of the above-mentioned panel, and the decoration of the outer or front side of the body containing it. The official description of this chariot says: "Without, it has an elaborate scroll design with, on either side, beautiful inlaid rosettes of silver stones, and, in front, on the breastwork, the protocol of the King." Details of the design on the inner panel, and of the head of Bes, are given fully on the colour pages on which they are reproduced.



## A PHARAOH'S ROYAL BARGES: NILE CRAFT OF 3000 YEARS AGO.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



INCLUDING A RIGGED SHIP (CENTRE FOREGROUND) WITH ROPES AND LINEN SAILS, AND (ABOVE) BARGES WITH CURVED LOTIFORM PROWS, DECK THRONE, AND SIDE STEERING PADDLES: MODEL 18TH DYNASTY BOATS IN THE STORE-CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN'S SEPULCHRE.

These beautiful models of Tutankhamen's fleet of Nile boats were found in the store-chamber opening out of the sepulchre. In the top left corner of the photograph is seen part of the cornice of the Canopic Shrine (with guardian goddesses) illustrated in our issue of December 29. An official description says: "The model boats are of all kinds—sail-boats and row-boats of varying sizes—and it is noteworthy that some of the sails seem to be better preserved than any of the other linen fabrics found in the tomb. Much of that which was carefully laid in the royal chests is now merely a chocolate-coloured mass of disintegrated fibre. The

sails of some of the boats exposed to the air of the chamber for thirty centuries are much better. The boats are all delicately modelled and beautifully painted, the shapes being those with high, spreading prows and sterns familiar in the 'Book of the Dead' and in numerous paintings. The steering was done with long-bladed paddles. Boats, of course, played an enormous part in the life of Egypt, as . . . the country was a long ribbon, 600 or 700 miles long and averaging less than ten miles wide." Some Eleventh Dynasty boats (nearly 1000 years earlier) were found two years ago by the Metropolitan Museum of New York.



# TUTANKHAMEN'S REGAL SPLENDOUR: PANELS OF HIS GOLDEN CHARIOT— EXCLUSIVE COLOUR REPRODUCTIONS.

REPRODUCED UNDER THE ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. HOWARD CARTER, GIVING THE SOLE COLOUR RIGHTS IN CONNECTION WITH TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



WITH A CENTRAL BOSS OF SILVER, COLOURED GLASS, AND STONE, AND BLUE INLAY BELOW: A BEAUTIFUL GOLD PANEL FROM ONE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S STATE CHARIOTS, SHOWING "THE KING IN THE FORM OF A SPHINX TRAMPLING UPON HIS ENEMIES."



HOW TUTANKHAMEN "DROVE THROUGH THE STREETS OF THEBES . . . IN A BLAZE OF DAZZLING LIGHT": A GOLD PANEL FROM HIS STATE CHARIOT, EMBOSSED WITH FIGURES OF AFRICAN AND ASIATIC CAPTIVES—A CONTINUATION OF THE PANEL ABOVE.

These two exquisite panels from one of Tutankhamen's state chariots were illustrated in black and white in our issue of January 5. A comparison of these photographs with the above colour reproductions, however, will show that only in the colour form can one adequately appreciate the full beauty of these and all the other treasures from the tomb, representing the perfection of ancient Egyptian art and craftsmanship. Such colour reproductions direct from the originals, we may remind our readers, are to be seen exclusively in the pages of this paper. The official description of the state chariot in the "Times" says: "Within, running round the frame at the base is a broad panel, also of sheet gold, with embossed figures in low relief. At either end of it is the King, depicted in the form

of a sphinx trampling upon his enemies, who are represented by a series of alternating Asiatic and African captives, each with his arms bound. Above, in the breast-work, are the royal cartouches, with, at either side in the framework, masses of silver stones. All round the frame is a margin of decoration of silver and stone studs. . . . The wonderful lifelike design of the embossed figures is now more striking than ever; the typical Semitic cast of countenance of the Asiatics and the characteristically negroid features of the Africans are remarkable. . . . Looking at these two chariots, with their gold-covered bodies and wheels sparkling in the sunshine, one could readily believe that when the King drove through the streets of Thebes he must have appeared to his subjects in a blaze of dazzling, almost of supernatural, light."

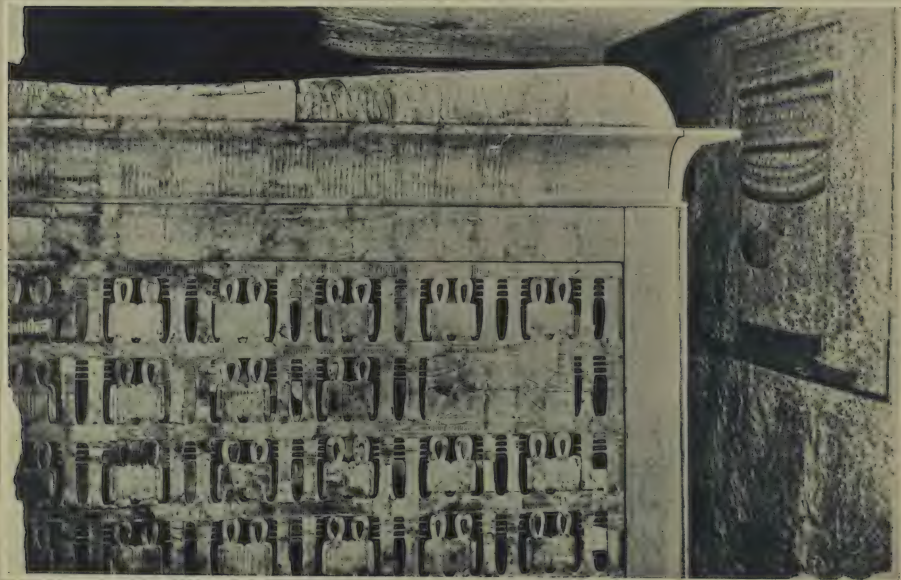


## FOUND TO CONTAIN A MAGNIFICENT INTACT SARCOPHAGUS:

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.



WITH "THE SEAL INTACT . . . AS PLACED THERE 370 YEARS AGO": THE DOORS OF THE SECOND SHRINE. "BOLTED, CORRODED, AND SEALED WITH THE CLAY SEAL OF THE ROYAL NECROPOLIS."

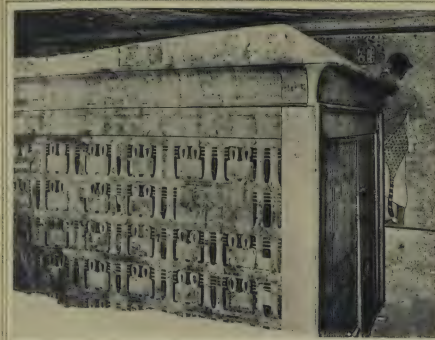


SHOWING DECORATION ON THE WALL OF THE SEPULCHRE FACING THE SHRINE DOORS: A NEW VIEW OF THE SHRINE, WITHIN WHOSE INMOST CANOPY HAS BEEN FOUND A GREAT SARCOPHAGUS OF CRYSTALLINE SANDSTONE.

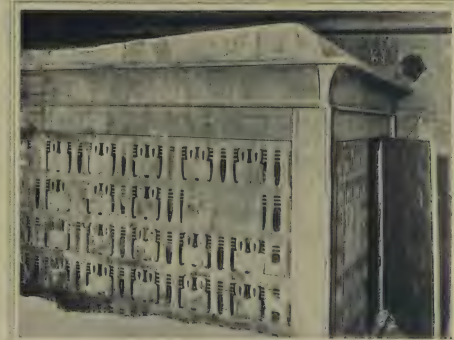
It was announced on January 4 that Mr. Howard Carter had at last been able to open the doors of the remaining three shrines (which are "nested" one within another), and that two bore the seals of the Royal Necropolis. "With the opening of the final door," says the official message, "came an exciting moment, for, as the panels gradually swung outward, there was revealed to the gaze of the spectators a stone sarcophagus, colossal in size, magnificent in workmanship, and beyond any question intact." The objects above illustrated are thus described: "Within the first shrine is a second shrine with doors bolted, corroded, and sealed with the clay seal of the Royal Necropolis. The seal is intact, just as it was when placed there 370 years ago. . . . Between the doors of the two shrines lie or stand numbers of beautiful objects. Foremost amongst them is an alabaster vase mounted in silver and gold. There are two 'Hapi' (God of the Nile) figures, one on each side, crowned with the emblems of Upper and Lower Egypt, and holding, one in the right and the other in the left arm, the standards of Upper and Lower Egypt surmounted by the Royal Cobras, and bearing the White Crown of Upper Egypt and the Red Crown of Lower Egypt. On the lid of the vase is a

## TUTANKHAMEN'S GOLDEN SHRINE IN ITS PAINTED SEPULCHRE.

NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



BEFORE BEING OPENED: THE DOORS (SINCE REMOVED), OF THE OUTER SHRINE, SHOWING A LIFE-SIZE FIGURE, CLAD IN LEOPARD SKIN, PAINTED ON THE WALL BEYOND.



AFTER BEING OPENED: THE DOUBLE DOORS OF THE OUTER SHRINE, SHOWING ONE SIDE SWUNG BACK ON ITS HINGES, HALF CONCEALING THE PAINTED FIGURE ON THE WALL.



INCLUDING "THE LOVELIEST OF ALL THE ALABASTER VASES," MOUNTED IN GOLD AND SILVER, WITH FIGURES OF THE NILE GOD HAPI, AND (IN THE FOREGROUND) PARTS OF THE HUGE ROSKITE-SPANGLED PALL, AND A VASE WITH LION LID: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF OBJECTS BETWEEN THE OUTER AND SECOND SHRINES.

figure of the goddess Mut in the form of a vulture. The vase is a most exquisite piece of work, the finest yet discovered, but unfortunately its contents, which are of some fatty nature, have caused the neck to burst. Beside it stands a cosmetic vase in calcite, upon the lid of which is a lion with a long red tongue protruding, and the sides of which are decorated. The vase has at either end Hathor columns. Leaning against the north-east corner within the outer shrine are a number of fine gilt staves, a mace, and a Uas sceptre; while at the south-east corner is another stack of royal staves, a mace, and a golden bow. Over the inner shrine is a large wooden structure, which supports an enormous linen pall, decorated with innumerable golden rosettes. The structure is bolted and corded, which affords an additional reason for the belief that what lies behind has not been tampered with. The greater portion of the forepart of the pall has fallen, no doubt owing to the weight of the metal rosettes upon it. The interior of the outer shrine is completely gilt, and covered with numerous religious texts. The second shrine is of similar form, and has on the front frieze a great winged solar disc, while on the panels of its doors are representations of King Tutankhamen."





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W.H.HOLT & SONS LIMITED, ABERLOUR-GLENLIVET DISTILLERY, SCOTLAND.

C.F.H.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

A BOOK I have just been reading with more than ordinary pleasure and interest has recalled two things—a scene and another book—both now some distance behind me, but still vivid. The scene was an ocean steamer's deck, the time a summer evening, and the position of the vessel approximately lat. 43 N. and long. 69 W. As the boat was slow and the ship's company small, the passengers during the twelve days out from Liverpool had come to know one another better (for such is the way of the sea) than would have been possible to a similar company thrown together, say, in a hotel or country house for the same length of time. Consequently, they had fallen into an intimacy that dispensed with artificial reserves. There I refer chiefly to the British members of the party; the Americans had less of that to shed.

That evening, however, the American women were even franker than usual, and made no secret that they were under stress of a considerable emotion. They had been excited during dinner, and afterwards, when we went on deck to watch a particularly beautiful sunset, their mood gradually rose to one of exaltation, as of those who approach sacred things. As twilight fell they strained their eyes towards the western horizon, and each hoped she would be the first to sight the thing they sought. Suddenly, a single flash shot out against the dying afterglow of sunset, and the watchers hailed it with a cheer. It was Cape Cod Light, the first glimpse of home.

But still the excitement grew. Better was to come, and the women hung over the rail, in an eager knot, until another diamond point stabbed the now darkened west, and the cry went up, "Boston Light!" Since Cape Cod winked his welcome, the Daughters of the Republic had been self-centred, aloof in their fervid patriotism, but with the nearer approach of the American shore their thoughts turned to less favoured mortals. The first word addressed to one of these came with a shock of revelation: "You lucky foreigner; to-morrow you will see the Land of Liberty." The shock lay in the word "foreigner." It had not occurred to a Briton that his "American cousins" could possibly regard him as an alien. In his ignorance, he had expected to find himself, as it were, one of the family. During the voyage he had not been aware of the difference. The woman who spoke had been for years in Europe, where she had steeped herself in the older European culture, more especially that of Renaissance Italy, and in English literature both past and present. Talk had flowed easily on common interests, with no disturbing sense of difference in nationality; but with the approach to American soil nationalism awoke and took care to let the Briton know that he was just a foreigner, and a benighted foreigner at that, lucky in being enabled to set foot at last in God's Own Country.

It was a useful, almost a Providential, corrective and prophylactic; the visitor put the remark in his pipe and smoked it, and, as he meditated, he found a new orientation that was to prove very useful to him in the United States, and may possibly have saved him from a few pitfalls. Victim as he was of a lifetime of preconceived notions, he cannot have avoided all; but the salutary knowledge that he was only a foreigner, with all a foreigner's disabilities, cleared his mind of much cant, and smoothed his way among his cousins somewhat removed. These pleasant kinsfolk do not insist nearly so much as we do on the cousinly relationship.

So much for the scene of which the new book reminded me. The other book, which was published just two years later than that incident of travel, was written by a very distinguished Italian author, whose work often appears in the pages of this journal—Signor Guglielmo Ferrero. His fascinating discussion, "Between the Old World and the New," was one of the last books I read before the Old World went up in flame: it was certainly the last I read with the sense of old-world peace and continuity still unbroken. Signor Ferrero brought out of his storehouse things new and old; he held in a fine balance the ideals of Europe and of America; but the whole trend of his argument was towards the reflective calm of traditional European scholarship. The effect was heightened by the form of the work—a Platonic dialogue in a modern setting.

The setting was original and symbolic of the theme, for the dialogue took place on board a ship bound from South America to Italy. The characters were Italians of modern Italy, Latin-Americans from the Southern Continent, and one or two typical representatives of North American plutocracy. For once, *pace* Mr. Kipling, East and West had met, and the contact struck fire. The disputants were intellectual people; even the South American millionaire—who believed that money was the principal thing, therefore get money—had never lost hold upon the things of the mind, and, as the discussion grew, he led an argument upon "Hamlet" that took one back to a famous passage in "Wilhelm Meister"—with a difference. If his criticism was characteristically destructive, that only lent a finer accent to the reply of conservative European thought from the lips, not of a European, but of a cultivated Brazilian diplomatist. The argument ranged over many topics—the North American Divorce Laws, the benefit or bane of machinery, wealth, material or spiritual, Homer and the Greek mythology, art and beauty, considered from the American and the European standpoints. No clear solution appeared; the nearest approximation was that each side should recognise the other's limits—and its own.

It was not alone the setting of the dialogue on ship-board that linked Signor Ferrero's book in my memory with that serio-comic although edifying interlude off Boston, but the final, although not formally stated, result of his argument, that America is a foreign country. Almost the last words of the millionaire, when philosophical discussion was well over, and the passengers were about to disembark at Genoa, carried a clinching note of sly ironical symbolism on the author's part: "How difficult it is to breathe in the Mediterranean, isn't it? Directly one gets out of the Atlantic, one feels how confined and stagnant it is, doesn't one?" There spoke the spacious West, irreconcilable.

And now to come, not before time, to the book that set me off on those vagrant reminiscences. What is implicit in Signor Ferrero's old book is explicit, and, indeed, the main purpose, of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new volume, "THE CONTRAST" (Arrowsmith; 12s. 6d.), in which he examines the life, character, and ideals of the United States in contrast to those of Great Britain. He draws no hostile contrast, for the object of his inquiry is to discover the right relation between the two peoples, so that they may find, if possible, a basis upon which they may work together for the world's peace and goodwill.

The first thing, in Mr. Belloc's opinion—and he is right—is for the Briton to realise the contrast between the two nations. He himself felt it when, as a boy, he first visited the United States. It had come to him while he was still at sea, not from any frank voice of an American damsel reminding him that he was a "foreigner," lucky or unlucky (or if so, deponent saith not), but in a subtler fashion. "After I had journeyed on the ocean many days in no great



"FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE" TO BE REPUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER: SIR WILLIAM BRAGG (WITH ARM OUTSTRETCHED) AFTER ONE OF HIS LECTURES TO CHILDREN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Our readers will remember that some years ago we published an illustrated series of Sir William Bragg's Christmas lectures to children at the Royal Institution. That series proved so popular and successful that we have arranged to deal similarly with the chief contents of the new lectures which he began recently—"Concerning the Nature of Things." The first three dealt respectively with atoms, gases, and liquids. The above photograph was taken after the third lecture. The date of reissue in our pages will be settled later.—(Photograph by I.B.)

comfort, for I did not travel as the rich travel, I came to a part of the sea where all things changed. It was in crossing the Grand Banks that I discovered this new air; I was appalled and vastly intrigued. I was coming to unknown things. It was in what I breathed and in the quality of the wind. . . . The Ancients had a phrase, 'new stars.' They said of the exile or the wanderer, 'He came to know new stars . . .' and that phrase has puzzled many. For the adventurer of the old Mediterranean went eastward and westward, and saw no new stars. What did our Roman fathers mean by that phrase? Those wise men meant 'New Influences,' using the word 'Stars' for that mysterious thing, the influence of heaven."

Mr. Belloc fears that when he says he thus came to new stars, and was in a strange air from the hour in which the boat lay under undiscovered land, he will not at first be received by his contemporaries, but will seem to be talking nonsense. He may rest assured that some at least will understand him. The revelation may come in different ways to different people, but no one with the faintest spark of imagination or sensitive feeling can approach the American coast without a sense of strange awe and wonder, which is not less keen before the voyager has made his landfall. It must have come to Columbus (although he dreamed of India) when the drifting seaweed gave him assurance that he had not sailed in vain. Mr. Belloc goes on to describe the growth of the impression after he had landed. "The first phrase of popular speech I heard was incomprehensible, the more incomprehensible because I expected it to be in my own idiom." He learned that America was "alien, foreign, different; not Europe, not Africa, not the Old World at all. In each smallest differential The Contrast was apparent. In the integration of the whole that contrast was overwhelming."

It was one thing to feel the contrast, quite another to communicate it. "I am sometimes tempted," says Mr. Belloc, "to declare that discovery is incommunicable." Fortunately, the difficulty of the problem has not deterred him from making the attempt, and he has expressed, with extraordinary success, the essence of his infinitely subtle and elusive concept. Nowhere is he happier than in his finding of just the right words to express the difference of outline in landscape between America and Europe. His feat of language can be appreciated best by those who have attempted the same feat, only to fail dismally. "No wonder that it is a revelation to the traveller from the Old World, no wonder that he gropes for words in which to set down the transformation. The wonder rather is that everyone has not appreciated, or rather taken for granted, the depth of the chasm that lies between this novel apparition and ourselves." It is in the recognition of that chasm and in the appreciation of what it means both to the British and the Americans that Mr. Belloc finds the key to a right understanding and hopeful co-operation between the two nations.

He considers the contrast in many aspects—physical, social, political, military, religious, literary, and linguistic—bringing everything together in his final chapter on "The Foreign Relation." Our chief danger is the old one of basing too much upon a supposed similarity. "The English middle class still feels that America is in some way English." It is only in so far as we recognise that she is not, and that she can never be cajoled or flattered to take orders from an alleged cousin who is really a foreigner, that we shall find the way to a true understanding. The right attitude of approach to America for the Briton is to approach her as a foreigner, and, knowing that he is a foreigner, with all a foreigner's handicaps. Thus the independence of both parties is preserved, and respect and self-respect are quickened on each side. One school of philosophy used to teach that a thing can be known only by its opposite, and so the more perfectly The Contrast is realised, the better will England and America understand each other. Mr. Belloc's paradox is the keystone of the only safe and practical bridge between the two countries.

Certain details in the book may be challenged as too partisan, but only by partisans, and possible objections are far outweighed by the value of Mr. Belloc's central idea and doctrine. He has seized upon a fact of prime importance to the present time, has conquered its fundamental elusiveness, and given it that expression which alone makes a thing real. Hitherto, in order to realise The Contrast, a man must have made personal contact with America, and as only a small minority of Britons could do that, and fewer still express what they had learned, the education of Britain on this vital point remained a problem. But now that Mr. Belloc's genius has carried the thing, as it were, "over the footlights," with clarity and charm, those who persevere in the old bad way will have no excuse. Among recent writings upon the relations between England and America, this book seems to me the most weighty and important, because first of all it plucks out the very heart of the mystery.

The Old World and New meet in yet another book which is more concerned with the clash between two systems in Europe than with Europe and America. Nevertheless, America enters into the question, for the author is an American, and his nationality and thought colour inevitably his handling of the subject. This book is "ROME OR DEATH, THE STORY OF FASCISM," by Professor Carleton Beals (John Long; 12s. 6d.). It is a work that ought to be very welcome to a large circle of readers in this country, for it gives a clear and orderly account of matters which even careful reading of newspapers may leave in some haze. Professor Beals has been an eyewitness of political events in Italy during the last three years, and has watched the growth of Fascism from its first disorderly beginnings until it put on the mask of Constitutionalism. His book is avowedly popular rather than philosophical, and the style is at times frankly sensational; but that is qualified by the ingenious parallels which the author draws between Ancient Rome and Modern Italy.

His attitude is one of justice, if not of sympathy. The chief value of the book lies in its descriptions of political parties in Italy of the present day—the Agrarians, the Co-operatives, the Socialists, and the old Giolittian Liberals, The Fascist movement, at first chaotic, gradually clarified, and as Labour Fascism rose the power of the Socialists declined. The most dramatic passage is the section entitled "The March on Rome," which contains an admirable brief biography of Mussolini, who owes his position, in Professor Beals's opinion, "to the volatile adaptability of his thought, coupled with his Calvinistic determination, his Cromwellian egoism." His adaptability in certain cases comes perilously near opportunism. At one time he declared that Fascism was republican in tendency, but he has since discovered that it is easier to govern Italy with a King than without. His type is experimental, fluid, and the writer surmises that perhaps it is only this type which has an iota of chance of survival in chaotic Europe.

One element of strength Mussolini possesses. He has always advocated a *sensu del limite*—an appreciation of bounds—the very sense, it may be remembered, suggested by Signor Ferrero as the possible key to a solution of the questions raised, but left unsettled, in his beautiful dialogue.



## WINTER "SPORT" INDOORS AND OUT: SHEPPERSON DRAWINGS.

FROM A DRY-POINT (8½ BY 13 IN.) AND A LITHOGRAPH (9 BY 16 IN.) BY THE LATE CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, A.R.A.



INDOOR WINTER "SPORT," AS SEEN BY A FAMOUS ARTIST: "ROULETTE: MONTE CARLO"—A DRY-POINT ETCHING BY THE LATE CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, A.R.A. (AN EARLY TRIAL PROOF TOUCHED WITH INK).



OUTDOOR WINTER SPORT, AS SEEN BY THE SAME ARTIST: "THE SKI-RUNNERS" (A MAN ADJUSTING A GIRL'S SKIS)—A LITHOGRAPH BY THE LATE CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, A.R.A.

The delightful art of the late Mr. Claude Shepperson, who died at the end of 1921, has often been reproduced in our pages, both in colour and in black and white. The examples here given, as being appropriate to the present season of the year and its social pursuits, illustrate an interesting

appreciation (technical and general) of his work in etching and lithography, by Mr. Martin Hardie, in the December number of the "Print-Collector's Quarterly." "When he began to etch," writes Mr. Hardie, "he was almost alone among English etchers in treating figure subjects boldly and

[Continued opposite.



# AN ARTIST'S VISION OF CARNIVAL REVELRY: A SHEPPERSON DRY-POINT.

FROM THE DRY-POINT BY THE LATE CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, A.R.A. (14½ BY 10½ IN.). TRIAL PROOF.

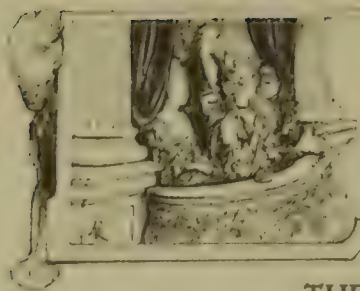


"HE MAKES US FOLLOW HIM INTO A LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE . . . . A WORLD OF ROMANCE AND CARNIVAL":  
 "AFTER THE BALL" (ALSO KNOWN AS "EARLY MORNING, THE CARNIVAL BALL") BY THE LATE CLAUDE SHEPPERSON.

*Continued.*  
 joyfully, for their own sake, not merely using figures as a small subsidiary element to give life to scene or landscape. He has the high merit, also; that in these days of material and sordid interests, of realism in etching as in fiction, he carries us so often over the world's edge into the romance and fantasy and grotesquerie for which we so often sigh. His is a vivid dreamland of illusions and emotions. . . . He makes us follow him, like some Will-o'-the-Wisp, over the hills

and far away, into a land of make-believe, where golden mists cast their veil over a world of romance and carnival, where Harlequin and Columbine, nymph and faun, join in gladsome revelry. And if he deals with the realities of to-day—the play of children on a seashore, the paddock at Ascot, the roulette rooms at Monte Carlo . . . there, too, his whimsical power makes memorable even the obvious and the commonplace."





# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## THE DECLINE OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM.—A PLAY COMPETITION.

THE greater the circulation, the less the concession of space to dramatic criticism." It was uttered at a club table, and it stirred us all. Here was, in a nutshell, an observation made by all friends of the theatre, but rarely expressed. And it is as true as it is sad. Of the London dailies but four—the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily News*—allow adequate space for serious discussion of new plays and the drama in general. One has to turn to the Sunday papers for critical contemplations which are not thrown down hotfoot. In plain words, the dramatic critic is gradually ousted by the paragraphist. Where a column is given to boxing, racing, or the health of a favourite, a mere fraction must suffice for the consideration of a play which may have cost its author months of creative work and its interpreters many weeks of hard labour. Besides, as the papers go to press before midnight, and the curtain falls generally about eleven, what time is there left, after the journey to the office, for contemplation and balancing of scales? Slapdash, the critic is compelled to jot down his impressions in snippets, and the result is something that may be readable, but is necessarily superficial, and, where the actors are concerned, a few remarks about the stars, "lathering" adjectives for a bunch of the lesser lights.

How I admire some of my colleagues for their brain-power, to achieve what they do in as many quarters of an hour as we of the weekly Press may digest in hours!

How I feel for some of them when even that which they write, in frantic haste and anxiety to mete out justice, appears the next morning mangled, disembowelled, often meaningless! A young critic who occupies an important post was recently my neighbour at a feast, and, probably because I am a veteran in years—though, in the wake of the late Miss Georgina Weldon, I could

well claim, "My complexion is sixty, but my mind is eighteen"—he said, "I don't know what you think of me when you read my stuff. In the evening I deliver what, under the circumstances, I may consider a healthy baby, and in the morning I cannot recognise my own child. What happens is this: In the *entr'actes* I marshal my facts, make notes, write my preamble; then in the office I outline the plot and deal with the actors; and, in spite of the printer's devils at my heels, I have trained myself to turn out something which has form and (I hope) sense. Then my copy goes to the News Editor, and as it often occurs, at a late hour, that some political or other topical reports come in, space must be found, and the blue pencil picks out dramatic criticism as the most suitable victim. The blue pencil of the News Editor—can you fathom what that means?—the blue pencil of a man who lives on 'stunts' and who has no soul or feeling for art of any description! What is left has neither head nor tail, although I admit that a little is left somewhere in the middle which may convince the reader that, if I am an idiot, I am not quite a blithering one. But imagine my feelings, my blushes, and my anger that this mangled farrago is supposed to be my work, the best I can do! Can you not imagine that it kills my love for my job?"

Of course I can imagine it. Once upon a time I saw my own mental children thus tortured on a bed of Procrustes because my proprietor wanted to supersede me by a friend, and decreed that my space should be curtailed so as to tire me out and make me throw up the sponge. But as I was a worker in the City, knowing the precarious existence of a dramatic critic, I made up my mind to grin and bear it, and, in the end, through circumstances too long to relate, I won the day. But suppose that I had been in the shoes of my colleague who poured out his woes—that my post had meant the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker—what a horrible existence it would have been! On the one side, disheartening; on the

other, the fell necessity to carry on lest I should find myself out of work.

For this is a fact—and St. John Ervine, who has now left our ranks to devote himself to playwriting, has said it drastically in his valediction: "The average critic employed by the newspaper magnate lives in fear of his existence." He must submit to the indignity of wanton cutting (never mind whether thereby his reputation suffers); he must obey orders in every direction—sometimes where praise or censure is concerned—regardless of his conscience. His protest goes for nought: at best it shakes his position; at worst it means—the door. So, to make the two ends meet, he has practically to submit to subordination—if not of his honour, at least of his pride. "*Quel métier!*" the Frenchman might well exclaim, as he listened to the pronouncement at the head of this article.

Now, what is the cause of this Cinderella-plight of dramatic criticism? Is it because the newspaper boss, who does not care a fig for art, but is only cocksure that he always gauges "what the public wants," considers dramatic criticism negligible, superfluous, waste of space? Is it because he looks upon the theatre as a plaything that can remain well content with puffs and puffing paragraphs? Is it because he holds that the play does not matter, nor the actor's achievement, but that, as the latter is in the public eye, his daily doings will be greedily read? Is it, lastly, because he feels sure that in these days of hurry and appetite for the sensational the news-

paper-reader has neither the patience nor the leisure to wade through a lengthy discussion of a play?

Whatever these and more considerations may be—and I know that they are the immediate cause of the decline of dramatic criticism in many papers I could name—they are all fallacious. The public does like to read dramatic criticism, if it is capable and illuminating.

Ask the *Daily Telegraph* which day of the week its circulation is largest—is it not on Thursdays, when a whole page is devoted to the drama? Ask the *Christian Science Monitor* of Boston, whose Tuesday's issue, with theatrical criticism from all parts of the world, is a prominent feature. Ask the Sunday readers how they look out for the essays on the theatre and music. For once the magnates of our Press are wrong, both practically and ethically. Their neglect of the serious consideration of the drama is detrimental to the progress of the theatre as well as to their exchequer. I wager that if our great dailies would treat the theatre on the same footing as politics and sport, then their big circulations would still grow by leaps and bounds. For though the theatre may not be in the blood of the nation, yet it is certainly the pet child of its imagination. Wherefore I venture to say that to relegate dramatic criticism to the background is to deprive their readers of a great source of interest and to fail in the duty of leadership.

Reandean announces a competition, and offers a prize of £100 for the play selected. The definite terms are not yet to hand, but it appears that, in the first instance, all plays sent in will be appraised by the usual "readers" of Reandean, who will select a quota and submit it to Mr. Basil Dean for final award. It is to be assumed that the £100 will be the lesser part of the prize, and that in due course the play selected will be produced at the St. Martin's or the Ambassadors Theatre. If this inference is right, the competition is sure to be, at any rate, a numerical success, for if £100 is but slender reward for a play worth acting, production opens a wide vista to the aspirant, and may mean fame as well as fortune. That such competitions "make" men has been proved by the experiment which I conducted some years ago for Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard, when, of 268 plays sent in, the prize went to "Ruts," by Mr. Harry Wall, who has since achieved success, and whose "Havoc" is next month to be produced at the Haymarket.



PRINCIPAL DANCER AT COVENT GARDEN:  
MISS EILY GERALD.



A FAMOUS BASS ENGAGED FOR THE BRITISH  
NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY'S NEW SEASON:  
MR. ROBERT RADFORD (AS MEPHISTOPHELES).



CAST FOR HANS SACHS IN "THE MASTERSINGERS"  
ON THE OPENING NIGHT: MR. ROBERT PARKER.

The British National Opera Company arranged to open their fourth London season at Covent Garden on Monday, January 7, with "The Mastersingers," followed, on the 8th, by "Aida"; on the 9th, "Hansel and Gretel" (matinée), "Savitrì," and "The Perfect Fool"; the 10th, "La Bohème"; the 11th, "Alkestis"; and the 12th, "Hansel and Gretel" (matinée), "Phœbus and Pan," and "Pagliacci." The outstanding feature was the production of "Alkestis," a new music drama by Mr. Rutland Boughton to the words of Sir Gilbert Murray's translation from Euripides. Mr. Frank Mullings was cast as Apollo and Mr. Robert Parker as Herakles.—[Photograph of Mr. Robert Parker by Vaughan and Freeman.]



## A MYSTERY PLAY IN CHURCH: A REVERSION TO MEDIAEVAL CUSTOM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FIELDING, LEEDS, SUPPLIED BY C.N.



IN THE MYSTERY PLAY PERFORMED IN A LEEDS CHURCH: MISS RUTH LEE BOLTON AS WISDOM.

"THE Great World Theatre" is a mystery play (founded on a story from Calderon, the Spanish dramatist) by the modern German poet, Hugo von Hofmannstahl, author of the original version of "Via Crucis," the new adaptation of "Everyman."



ONE OF THE SYMBOLIC CHARACTERS IN THE MYSTERY PLAY: MRS. E. H. JACKSON AS BEAUTY.



THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE PLAY: MR. H. HILTON AS THE BEGGAR, WITH MR. W. PIERSON AS DEATH, THE "STAGE MANAGER."



THE FIGURE OF "THE MASTER," WHO COMMANDS THE WORLD TO ARRANGE A PLAY: MR. R. JARMAN.



"I AM A DOCTOR OF LOGIC": MR. T. WRAY MILNES AS THE DEVIL, WITH ATTENDANT IMPS.

THE production of a mystery play in a church is not, of course, an innovation, but a revival of an old mediæval custom. In the Middle Ages plays were performed on the altar steps. "The Great World Theatre" was originally produced by Reinhardt at Salzburg.



"PRODUCER": MISS KATHLEEN ELLIS AS THE WORLD, WITH MR. T. NORMAN JACKSON AS CURIOSITY.

Great interest was aroused by the first public performance in this country of Hugo von Hoffmanstahl's mystery play, "The Great World Theatre," in St. Edward's Church at Holbeck, Leeds, on January 7, with the approval of the Bishop of Ripon, the Vicar of St. Edward's, and the Vicar of Leeds. A private performance was given on the 5th, when the audience included Lord Halifax and a number of clergymen. The production was arranged by Miss Edith Craig, daughter of Miss Ellen Terry, in co-operation with the Leeds Art Theatre. The chancel was converted into a stage heavily draped with curtains, and the play opened in darkness, with ghostly figures gathered outside the "Master's" door.

Thither comes the World, arrayed in purple robes, followed by her minions, Curiosity and Death. A light appears within, and suddenly the figure of the Master is revealed in golden radiance. He commands the World to prepare a play, and appoints Death to manage it. Darkness returns, and the characters are chosen from disembodied souls, while the World gives out appropriate costumes. The soul of the Beggar, round whom the play turns, rebels against his part, but finally accepts it and kneels in prayer. Other characters are the Devil, the Rich Man, the King, Beauty, and Wisdom. The figure of the Master appears again in the final scene, and blesses the players, except the Rich Man.





AS soon as the festive season is over, the chief preoccupation of our sex is the Sales. There is a so-called economic invasion of London to get the greatest value for the smallest expenditure. Some succeed and many fail. A dear lady who came home to her suburban residence in great delight over the bargains she had secured had her spirits lowered by the discovery that she had lost her purse, which she had put in a pocket for security, using her bag for immediate payments. Crushes at sale time are happy hunting-grounds for pickpockets, and many bargains are rendered quite the reverse by these involuntary expenditures. Undoubtedly there are bargains and great ones for those who know how to obtain them. This kind of hunting, like all other, requires skill.

The King and all sport-loving people will especially feel the loss of the Earl of Jersey, while all will deplore the death in the prime of his manhood of one who stood for all that was straightforward and honest and true in the life of his country. The widowed Countess is the only sister of the Earl of Kilmorey, and is a charming woman, and a favourite with the King and Queen, whose guests she and her husband so often were for Ascot Week. Before her marriage she had a very bad accident riding in the Park, and was efficiently aided by one of our splendid police constables. It was characteristic of her that as soon as she was conscious she sent for the constable, thanked him, and later interested herself in him and his family. With the Dowager Lady Jersey, mother of the late Peer, the deepest sympathy is also felt. Quite a short time ago she was very delighted with the success of her grandson, the Hon. Charles Uryan Rhys, in winning a seat in the new Parliament for the Conservatives, having been only three weeks in the constituency, and at the age of twenty-four. The new Earl of Jersey is but thirteen: he will be fourteen in February. He has one brother and two sisters. His father's only brother, Major the Hon. Arthur Child Villiers, and his mother's only brother, Lord Kilmorey, will be very helpful to him, but he is at an age greatly to miss a father. Major Villiers won the

he is to have the rest of the winter in South Africa and return here for the summer term at Eton. Lady May Cambridge will spend her seventeenth birthday probably on the high seas, since she attains to that sweet age on the 23rd inst. Our only young un-



The long-coated costume is returning to favour. This graceful model is of black moiré trimmed with wide bands of fur.

unemployment caused by the stopped hunting and the losses incurred by several industries as well.

If no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, it certainly seems that the German Emperor in 1903 to 1910 did not seem even sane to his Court Marshal and other members of his *entourage*. The wonder is, in reading Count Zedlitz-Trutzschler's book, that sane men could have been found to carry on under such a megalomaniac as the now happily deposed Emperor William. That a favourite amusement with the "All-Highest" was pinching and teasing the poor young Duke of Coburg, until the young man almost cried from hurt feeling and hurt flesh, proved him not normal. As a lad, when here for the marriage of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the ex-Kaiser amused himself by pinching the bare legs of his young uncle, the Duke of Albany, who was in Highland dress. He found the late Empress very boring, and frequently intimated the fact to her in bluntest fashion. To hit a man when he is down is un-British, so we must think, with the officials of the Court in Berlin from 1903 to 1910, that the wretched Kaiser was a clever man of quite unbalanced mind, whose condition it would have been more patriotic on their part to expose than to conceal.

One wonders if dancing and cinemas will continue in the enormous favour that they have achieved? The former, which seemed on the wane, burst into a flame of renewed popularity during the festive season. Fine concerts and the best orchestral efforts at well-known resorts were sparsely attended, while dance-halls were thronged. Theatres did fairly well, but people began to spare their ears at the cost of their eyes, and to prefer seeing their drama to hearing it. More than likely crazes will settle down into normal appreciation, and we are a big enough public nowadays to keep theatres, variety halls, cinemas and dancing places, opera and good concerts all supplied with appreciative audiences.

The Marchioness Curzon arrives back from South America in time for the opening of Parliament. Lady Curzon is a much-valued hostess, and has a house

married girl of the Royal Family, she is an important personage, but happily quite declines so to consider herself, and just enjoys her good young life to the full. Of South Africa she knew much from her father, who spent the first years of his soldiering there. She is a very happy-natured and delightful girl, and all will wish her a good time in one of our great Empire's young offshoots—one, too, which promises great prosperity.

Many members of our sex are much upset by the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter about reunion of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches. The matter is, of course, of supreme importance, and to the ordinary woman it would seem that the real question is not of reunion with Rome—which is apparently not desired by her, and seems quite impossible to Protestants—but of what the faith and principle of the Anglican Catholics is. At present it is seldom, if ever, clearly stated, and a policy of drift and slackness is the result. There are some trenchant phrases uttered by Queen Elizabeth and given in Frederick Chamberlin's book of her sayings. She was a woman who helped to make England great.

There has been so far no announcement of a reception on the eve of the Opening of Parliament from hostesses of any party. Yet as I write I believe that ladies of the Conservative and Liberal Parties will come forward. It may be of the Labour Party too, unless they look upon such things as useless frivolity, as they are taking themselves very seriously. Our sex will apparently owe them some gratitude if it is true that if they come into office they will make a woman, Miss Margaret Bondfield, a Cabinet Minister. However, we are not there yet!

The West Norfolk Hunt Ball at the house of the Master, Colonel Charles and Mrs. Seymour, was accorded much royal patronage. Colonel and Mrs. Seymour are great favourites, and the hounds are first-rate and show good sport. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, Prince Henry, and Prince George have hunted with them. The ball is always, as it again proved, a very brilliant affair, more like a private one than is usual with subscription dances even under the auspices of a well-known hunt club. Happily, the cattle plague has not interfered with hunting in Norfolk. It was astounding and most sad to read of the extra



Frills and scalloped edgings share honours in this attractive frock of navy-blue moiré, relieved by skilful touches of white crêpe-de-Chine.

D.S.O. and Bar, also the Croix de Guerre. He is unmarried.

Major-General the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice started last week for South Africa, with their son, Viscount Trematon, and their daughter, Lady May Cambridge, having had a dinner party of farewell to friends before leaving. Lord Trematon was to have stayed here and continued his studies at Eton, but a change was decided upon at the last day or two, and



Paris is the birthplace of this distinctive creation in black satin and silver, its salient feature being the new flaring tunic descending almost to the ankles.

suitable for great entertainments. Her daughter, Miss Duggan, is a very pretty girl, and became a friend of Princess Marie Josephine of Belgium while her Royal Highness was here in the years of the war. The Princess will not be seventeen until August 4. Her betrothal to the Crown Prince of Italy is said to be imminent. They would make a striking pair: he, tall and dark and handsome, and she, small, slight and fair—rather singularly attractive than strictly pretty.

A. E. L.





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**Why?**

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three centuries connoted  
Superlative Quality*

Insist on getting **JOHN HAIG**

*Dye Ken*

**John Haig?**  
**THE ORIGINAL**

*Issued by JOHN HAIG & COMPANY, LTD.  
Distillers MARKINCH, SCOTLAND.  
and Kinnaird House, Pall Mall East, S.W.1*



## Fashions and Fancies.

### Simple Suggestions for Novel Fancy Dresses.



That a spider can be irresistibly attractive on some occasions, is proved by this effective costume, destined for fancy-dress revellers.

is the original and striking head-dress of black velvet, with long ornaments of silver and diamanté, reminiscent of some famous Spanish beauty, and harmonising particularly well with the straight black evening frocks of chiffon velvet worn to-day. The peacock on the right is an amusing idea, which can be easily carried out by suggestions of draperies and feathers on a frock of shot taffeta, or, more effective still, of tinsel brocade in peacock colourings; while

The gay Pierrettes and demure Columbines who have thronged every *bal masqué* since the earliest days of carnival are becoming less and less in evidence on those festive occasions, for the Riviera revellers of 1924 find inspirations in more original fantasies. But this need not involve the expenditure of more time and trouble; on the contrary, at the many delightfully informal affairs which are in full swing at this date in the calendar it is the novel, rather than the elaborate, costume which scores the greatest success. Pictured on the left, for instance, is a simple frock of soft leaf-green, forming an appropriate setting to filmy cobwebs of silver studded with dewdrops of diamanté, on which are poised two fascinating brown chenille spiders. In complete contrast to the diaphanous spider frock

the head-dress of feathers and brilliants promises a wonderfully effective result.

### Tailored Suits for the Spring.

It is indeed an item of good news, which must be carefully noted, that Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., are making a special feature of delightful spring tailored suits in gabardine or rep, copied from the newest French models, which can be made to order by their own skilled tailors for 12½ guineas only. Hitherto the cost has always been from 16 guineas. The coats are lined with printed crêpe-de-Chine, and the new fashions ordain that they may be short—either straight or fluted—for slender figures, or cut on long, graceful lines for the older woman. All quite simple, relying for effect on the perfect tailoring, yet each model boasts a distinctive feature; some have high military collars, others attractively designed pockets above a low waist-belt, or an unusual mode of fastening. No one should miss this opportunity of securing a new spring suit at equally novel and pleasing prices.



A fantasy of black velvet and silver, or a captivating jewelled peacock, makes an effective head-dress for January carnivals.

### For Children's Parties at Home.

A well-laden table, decorated with gay colours—this is the most important feature of every party in the eyes of the children; and when several dishes of Bird's blanc-mange in various flavours are included amongst the good things, their enthusiastic welcome ensures complete success to the gathering. Quickly and easily made at a practically negligible cost, they are surely destined for parties of every description; and the delicious raspberry, lemon, and chocolate flavourings, with their varied colourings,

give to the tables an atmosphere of brightness and gaiety.

### A New Gibbs Fairy Book.

Countless children who enjoyed the Gibbs "Ivory Castle Fairy Book" will be happy to learn that a sequel has just been published. Entitled the "Fortress of Ivory Castles," it introduces many fascinating new characters, and forms a complete story in itself. In thirty-six vividly illustrated pages, it impresses on the child's mind the fundamental principles and importance of tooth care by means of exciting episodes calculated to arouse almost breathless suspense and interest in the young reader's mind. D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., are to be congratulated on this delightful addition to their campaign for good teeth. Grown-ups as well as children will read it with pleasure and profit. No age is too advanced to appreciate the delicious and fanciful imagery that turns tooth-cleaning from a dull matter of duty to a twice-daily adventure in the crusade against Giant Decay. To every reader mentioning the name of this paper will be sent a free copy of this booklet and a sample of Gibbs' Dentifrice on receipt of threepence in stamps to cover postage. Application should be made to D. and W. Gibbs, Cold Cream Soap Works, E.I.

### Novelties of the Week.

Fine gauze silver stockings of pure silk can be secured at the specially reduced price of 12s. at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., where there are also a limited number of Milanese silk stockings of the famous Kayser make available for 10s. a pair; these can be obtained in all shades of brown and tan only.



A study in white and silver lace, enhanced by gay bouquets of silken flowers.



1/3  
per ½ lb.  
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Fry's New CHOCOLATE



The Welsbach-Kern Gas Radiator is scientifically constructed to give the best possible heating service at the most economical consumption of gas. Burning on an average 10 cubic feet of gas per hour, a Welsbach-Kern will warm a medium-sized room FOR TWO HOURS AT A COST OF ONE PENNY. Cheaper than the old-fashioned coal fire, it is always 'on hand' just when you want it—and for just as long as you want it. Moreover, you can carry a Welsbach-Kern from room to room just as you wish.

Fit Welsbach-Kerns in all your rooms this year, and save those heavy coal bills. Your ironmonger or gas dealer will show you several artistic models in various art shades, at prices from 39/- upwards.

## WELSBACH-KERN

BRITISH MADE  
GAS RADIATORS

Write for Illustrated Booklet No. 430 and name and address of nearest retailer to:—

THE WELSBACH LIGHT CO., LTD.,  
Welsbach House, King's Cross, London, W.C. 1



# “BLACK & WHITE”



*From the Original Painting by Maud Earl.*

## SCOTCH WHISKY

The great superiority of the quality of “BLACK & WHITE” is evidenced by an always increasing demand both in the Home and in the Export Market.

As a result of the compulsory stoppage of distillation for two years there is a serious shortage of Old Matured Scotch Whiskies, without which no blend of high-class quality can be produced.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., and their Associated Companies, are in the predominant and unrivalled position of holding upwards of 29,000,000 GALLONS of Scotch Whisky in Bond in Scotland.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C. 1



## RADIO NOTES.

A MAN decided to instal a broadcast receiving-set in his home for the Christmas holidays. Like thousands of others, he knew nothing of radio matters except that broadcasts could be received in the home. He was particularly anxious that a relative, who was paying a special visit from abroad, should hear music and other entertainment by radio. Advice as to suitable apparatus was obtained, and a receiving-set employing two valves and a crystal detector was purchased, together with batteries, aerial wire, telephones, and a loud-speaker. As it was too late for delivery of the set and components in time for Christmas, the enthusiast managed to struggle with the various packages to his home, about twenty miles from London. Next morning the aerial was fixed above the garden, and the earth wire joined to the nearest water-supply pipe. The set was wired up ready for the afternoon's broadcast performance from London, which, as may be imagined, was looked forward to eagerly.

During the whole period of broadcasting the new enthusiast turned the condenser knobs, fiddled with the crystal detector, examined and checked the connecting wires, but not a single word or note of music could be heard. The set was hurried down to a friend's house and tried on another aerial, but remained dumb. After the holidays, inspection of the set's internal wiring indicated that lack of reception might have been due to a loose connection to the crystal detector; but even when this had been remedied the set still failed to receive, although the owner, by his experience of the ordinary business telephone, had a feeling that he was "through" to somewhere!

We mentioned earlier that, like thousands of others, this man knew nothing about radio reception,

and imagined that, once the set was installed, broadcasts could be "switched on" like the electric light, or as with a gramophone, by the release of a trigger. With all types of receiving-sets, broadcasts must be "tuned in" by turning the controlling knobs until the apparatus responds to the wave-length of the broadcasting station. With a simple crystal set, tuning is accomplished by turning one knob, and by adjusting

beginners make is that of "swinging" round the condenser knobs too quickly from one side to the other. Thus the position on the condenser scales which would permit of the broadcast being heard is missed, owing to the rapid manipulation of the control knobs. A receiving-set in a home within a dozen miles of the local broadcasting station may be tuned more easily than a set twenty miles or more from the nearest station. In the case of the former, the strong radio waves will allow the receiving-set to respond over a greater range of condenser movement—perhaps anywhere within a space of ten degrees. When receiving from distant stations, however, much greater care has to be observed when tuning in, as reception will only be obtained with the condensers set to certain points of their scales; and a movement of one degree may be all that is necessary either to tune in or cut out the incoming radio waves. It will be understood, therefore, why anyone attempting radio reception for the first time may be misled into believing that his set is not functioning owing to causes other than the correct one—lack of experience in handling the tuning controls. Such was the case in the particular circumstances described, for directly the owner acquired knowledge of the proper method for tuning in, he obtained excellent reception.

An amusing story, the truth of which is vouched for by a well-known radio firm, was told the writer the other day. A lady had purchased a valuable receiving-set which gave great satisfaction on the first night of its installation. A day or two later, much to the surprise of the firm, the lady telephoned demanding that an expert should call immediately to examine her receiving-set, as she had discovered that it was quite impossible to alter the speed of the dance music!

W. H. S.



BRIGHTENING THE LIVES OF THE AGED POOR BY RADIO ENTERTAINMENT.  
The Marylebone Institution for poor people has received a gift of a radio receiving-set which reproduces broadcast concerts to the great joy of the inmates. [Photograph by Photopress.]

the crystal detector until broadcast sounds are heard clearly. Most multi-valve sets, including those with two valves working in conjunction with a crystal, of the type under discussion, are tuned by rotating two condensers until their dials are in proper relationship for reception of the wave-length desired. The correct setting for the condensers can be found only by careful and slow adjustment. The mistake most

lady had purchased a valuable receiving-set which gave great satisfaction on the first night of its installation. A day or two later, much to the surprise of the firm, the lady telephoned demanding that an expert should call immediately to examine her receiving-set, as she had discovered that it was quite impossible to alter the speed of the dance music!



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British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, 1924.

(E.P.S. 169)

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MR. ADRIAN BOULT, Director of the London Symphony Orchestra: "In my opinion it is the best sound box on the market."

SIR HUGH P. ALLEN, Director of the Royal College of Music: "Clearer than anything I have heard."

## SCORES OF SPLENDID TESTIMONIALS

## TO THOSE WHO WANT A PERFECT GRAMOPHONE

The Tremusa produces wonderful results on all makes of gramophones, but it produces perfection on one of our own gramophones—TEN NEW PATENTS to improve tone and volume—an automatic repeater for dance records. Models on view at the showrooms from 10 to 70 guineas.

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INSPECT THE NEW PATENT RECORD CARRIER. Novel principle. Drop it or throw it. Records cannot be broken.

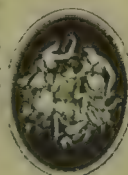
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No mica, no steel springs—in place of mica a NEW CHEMICAL COMPOSITION which gives a FULL, ROUND, MELLOW TONE—a SECOND DIAPHRAGM forms a RESONANCE CHAMBER. In place of steel springs—WHALEBONE. NO harsh sounds, NO shrill, thin sounds, NO tinniness, NO scratching, NO hollow or woolly effects. A PERFECT, CLEAR TRUE REPRODUCTION of the VOICE or INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS or ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

## CALL or WRITE

If you cannot call, send P.O. for 30/- for a Tremusa, and try it on your own machine—three days are allowed for approval. State the maker of your machine. Beautiful descriptive booklet free on application—write for it.





# MONTE CARLO: WHERE SPRING REIGNS ETERNALLY.



GENERAL VIEW OF MONTE CARLO.

[Photo. J. C. Hyam, Monte Carlo.]

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The privileged spot where the Sun always shines. Warm yet mildly bracing Climate.

MEAN TEMPERATURE 59.

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Classical Ballets, Light Operas and all Artistic Manifestations, under the direction of Mr. SERGE de DIAGHILEW.

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Special Garage arrangements for owners. Fine cars on hire. Daily Excursions to all parts of the Riviera.

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Second to none. Moderate Charges. Refined Cooking.



THE BEAUTIFUL SUB-TROPICAL GARDENS, KNOWN AS "LA PETITE AFRIQUE."

[Photo. J. C. Hyam, Monte Carlo.]

A special service of trains ensures the greatest comfort for travellers to the RIVIERA. The SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO., in conjunction with the PARIS, LYON & MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY CO. and the INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR CO., have concentrated all their efforts to make the once fatiguing journey between LONDON and MONTE CARLO an easy, pleasant and comfortable one.

English Visitors desiring further details or information will receive it free of charge by writing to Madame Henon, Villa Le Palis, Rue des Roses, MONTE-CARLO.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "A MAGDALEN'S HUSBAND." IN THE PLAYBOX SERIES.

IN its original form "A Magdalen's Husband" may have fairly merited the description of a village tragedy; at the leisurely pace the novelist can adopt, its author, Mr. Vincent Brown, found time, one seems to remember, to explain his characters' conduct and give clues to their mentality, so that, though their speech smacks too much of the literary man's workshop and their motives are rather too subtle for attribution to rustic types, the story of Joan and the three men who are made to darken her life did not provoke active disbelief. In the stage version Messrs. Rosmer and Percy have prepared for the Reandean Playbox matinees the case is different; only the actions of these Sussex peasants are brought under survey and we get no grasp of their souls. Joan, whom we are to credit with a Magdalen's past, becomes a baffling mystery; we do but see her in the phase of married woman and convert, ascetically loyal to a raving drunkard and resisting, save with a sort of maternal affection, the efforts of Zeekel Draycott to offer her comfort and love. The husband, again, may have been presented clearly in the novel; but his anger at Joan's "saintliness," his wish to degrade her to his own level of animality, his bringing into their cottage of a former despicable lover of hers, Anscombe, whom she now loathes, are on the stage totally out of keeping with the motive of pity which is supposed to have prompted his marriage. As for Zeekel, any violence in whom is shown directed against the worm Anscombe, his murder of the husband, just because he turned his wife out of doors, appears in the hard glare of the footlights as mere melodrama. There are moving scenes, to be sure, and fine acting.

Mr. Clifford Mollison's study of the village zany is a beautiful piece of work; there is power in Mr. Malcolm Keen's full-blooded rendering of the husband; and a vast deal of cleverness in Mr. Leslie Banks's sketch of the cringing Anscombe. And, once forgiveness is granted to Miss Moyna Macgill and Mr. Ian Hunter for playing their love scenes while looking not at each other but at the audience, their performances can

it comes to us as it has done at the Vaudeville, in Mr. Dion Titheradge's "Puppets," then its merits ought to be proclaimed from the house-tops. Congratulations, then, to Mr. Titheradge and to his colleague, Mr. Ivor Novello, who supplies the right sort of gay and tuneful music! There is a scheme and a plan in this review; it has a beginning and an end, and any number of bright interludes. And it provides ample opportunities to those popular favourites, Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Stanley Lupino, to air their virtuosity and their humour. Miss Hale, so young still, goes from triumph to triumph. Her range of impersonation is wide; elderly slattern and April maid come equally convincingly from her. And when she starts mimicking her fellow revue artists she is incomparable. Watch, for example, her imitation of Miss Beatrice Lillie—its audacity, its unflinching truthfulness, and yet its good nature! Mr. Lupino's fun is more conventional than hers, but it is genial enough, and his travesty of Mr. Wilkie Bard is worth walking some distance to see and hear.



A FOREST OF PINNACLES TOPPED WITH STATUES: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE ROOF OF MILAN CATHEDRAL DURING THE RECENT SNOWS.

Northern Italy, like Switzerland has recently experienced unusually severe weather and heavy snowstorms. This uncommon photograph shows Milan under snow, as seen from the top of the Cathedral, whose dome is 223 ft. high, and tower 354 ft. The building, which is entirely of marble, has 98 pinnacles, and over 2000 statues on the exterior.—[Photograph by British Illustrations.]

be warmly praised. Mr. Hunter is perhaps the more forceful of the two, the actress lacking grip in the murder scene, and only touching the heart at the very close of the drama. Her methods are far too statuesque.

## "PUPPETS." AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Revue that lives up to its name, that is consistently witty and entertaining and artistic, is so rare that when

modation is available. It gives to the prospective holiday-maker just the sort of information he is seeking—crisp descriptive notes of every holiday place of any standing, and it tells what holiday and recreative facilities exist. It will be available for distribution at L.M.S. stations, or from the Passenger Commercial Superintendents at Euston, Manchester, Derby, or Glasgow, in March next.

## "Loch, Mountain and Sea" is

the title of a comprehensive guide, covering some 500 pages, which the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company have in preparation, and which will go to press early in February. This remarkable publication will be not only a guide to the principal health and holiday resorts of Great Britain, but contains scheduled in handy form an exhaustive list of boarding houses, private hotels, and farmhouses where holiday accommodation is available. It gives to the prospective holiday-maker just the sort of information he is seeking—crisp descriptive notes of every holiday place of any standing, and it tells what holiday and recreative facilities exist. It will be available for distribution at L.M.S. stations, or from the Passenger Commercial Superintendents at Euston, Manchester, Derby, or Glasgow, in March next.

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13/6 7/-  
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Read what *The Lancet* (the leading Medical Journal) of 20th August, 1921, says of Dunville's Whiskies:—

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## ROBINSON & CLEAVER

### JANUARY

# Sale of Irish Linens

Continuing this week,  
Dresses and  
Blouses  
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No. A466.—House Coatee in good quality velveteen, cut on full lines, belted at waist. In black and nigger. Sale Price 27/9



No. B323.—Wool Crepe Dress, cut on smart straight lines, finished at neck with hand-made white organdi collar. In colours, Café, Navy, Grey, Nigger, Henna and Black. Sale Price 79/6



No. A476.—Knitted Suit in fine ribbed pure wool, long roll collar, stocked in all good colours, and several shapes, sketch shows example of style, all our usual stock. Usual Price 59/6. Sale Price 59/6

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE.  
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## A Fresh Fill

It's the *freshness* of "Country Life" Tobacco that makes it possible to fill one pipe after another and go on smoking it with undiminished enjoyment. This happy state is ensured by the extraordinary pains taken in the packing of "Country Life," the promptitude with which it is distributed to the dealer, and the rapidity with which the latter sells it.

White Label "Country Life" is a recent variant of the old and original mixture—a little fuller, and also a little cheaper, but of the same high quality and the same characteristic freshness. When next you think of making a change you will do well to try this.

Remember the three strengths and the two prices:

COUNTRY LIFE **1/-** per oz.  
(Mild and Medium)

COUNTRY LIFE **10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.** per oz.  
(White Label)



66 **Player's** **Country Life** 99  
**TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES**



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## Restoring the Countryside.

The best news we have heard for a long time is the announcement of the petrol companies that they intend to remove the hideous wayside advertisement boards with which they have disfigured half the beauty

to their doors, but which has certainly set the nerves of most people on edge. I know a good many motorists who will not, if they can possibly help it, purchase anything which is advertised by means of these roadside signs, which are a veritable eyesore. However, there seems to be a strong movement on foot for withdrawing them, so there is, perhaps, no need to labour the point. Not only the oil companies, but others, are doing the same thing and taking them down wherever they are adjudged a disfigurement. The Dunlop Company, in particular, has taken down a number, and I hear of others who are following the lead.

I rather think we have to thank the Kent County Council for something in this direction. There is an Act of Parliament in existence for the purpose of regulating such advertisements as those under discussion—I forget its exact title at the moment, though it hardly matters. Under this Act, any local authority can take powers to regulate advertisements of the kind, though it is not compelled to do so. Among those which have taken out such powers is the Kent C.C., and I believe that body is taking drastic action in a great many cases, and is compelling the removal of hoardings and boards which are offensive to the eye and a disfigurement of the country. It is a pity that others are not equally active.

## The Use of Spot-Lights.

I have been wondering how long it would be before some inquiring policeman tried his hand on prosecuting motorists for the use of the spot-light. The R.A.C. informs me that it is at present in communication with the Home Secretary in regard to the action of the Surrey police in prosecuting the users of these lights. The spot-light is usually placed on the side of the car, and is capable of being adjusted to throw light in any direction which may be most useful. It is particularly useful in fog, as it enables the driver to see the near side of the road. It is also useful for reading sign-boards and for other purposes. The Surrey police allege that its use is a contravention of Article 2, Sub-section 7, of the

Motor - Car (Use and Construction) Order, 1904, which forbids the use of lamps not constructed, fitted, and attached so as to prevent their being used as searchlights. One member of the Club has already been convicted and fined, and the Club points out that, having regard to the useful purpose which these lights serve, and to the fact that they were not in existence when the Order was framed, any action by the police seems quite uncalled for.

Most certainly it is. What one cannot help wondering is why it seems always to be the Surrey police who take the lead in these frivolous prosecutions of the motorist for purely technical infractions of an admittedly stupid law. There seems to be some evilly disposed genius attached to the Surrey police who takes delight in ferreting out obscure, almost meaningless, clauses in the law relating to the use of the motor-car and causing them to be sprung upon the unsuspecting. Fortunately, in the case in point it is quite easy for the competent Department to amend the Order in question, and I think there is a reasonable prospect of such alteration.

[Continued overleaf.]



QUALIFIED FOR HIGHEST AWARD IN THE LONDON-EXETER-LONDON RUN: A 12-H.P. DARRACQ, DRIVEN BY W. J. BRUNEL, IN A FLOODED LANE APPROACHING PEAK HILL.

spots of England. We owe them a debt of gratitude for their action, belated as it is. Not that I want to discount their action in any way, but I call it belated because I do think that, if they or their advisers had thought deeper about the effect of their policy, they would never have started on an advertising scheme which may or may not be effective in bringing business



SELECTED FOR SHOW AT THE SCOTTISH EXHIBITION: A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE OF THE LATEST TYPE. Mr. J. M. Inglis, of 39a, Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, the East of Scotland agent of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., arranged to show this car on his stand (No. 24) at the Scottish Exhibition. The Napier Company claims to be the only British firm now concentrating on one high-grade six-cylinder model.



## DAIMLER and B.S.A.

The 1924 Daimler and B.S.A. cars, comprise a range more complete and more attractive than any British maker has ever previously attempted. Practically every requirement can be fulfilled by one or other of these wonderful British products. If you are unable to call at our showrooms, write for descriptive catalogue.

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"STRATSTONE, LONDON"

Lanchester

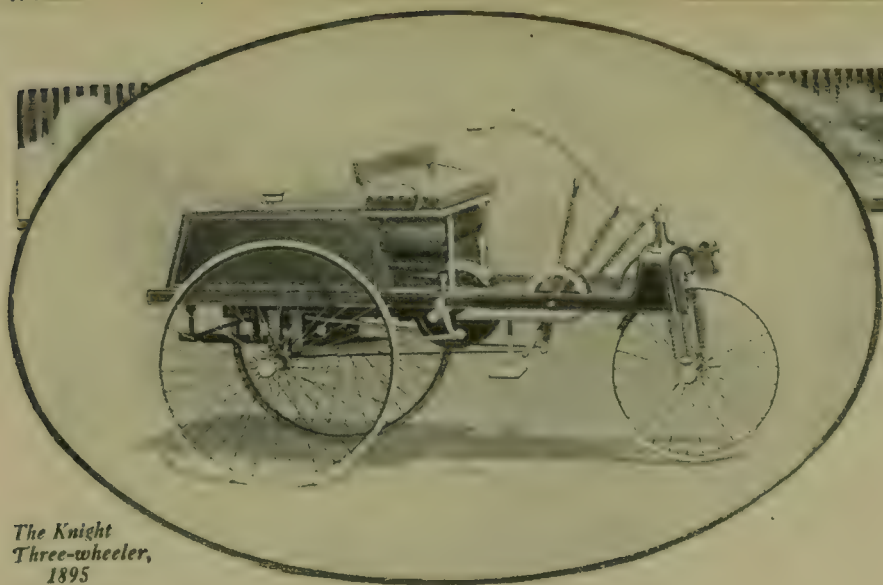
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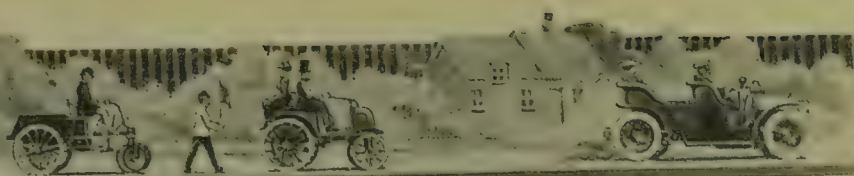
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The Knight  
Three-wheeler,  
1895



"BP" British Pioneer Series

## Motoring at 4 miles an hour—and the Police intervened!

**T**HIS was the prologue to a legal action on October 31st, 1895, when Mr. J. H. Knight was fined 2s. 6d. by a full bench of magistrates at the Farnham Petty Sessions.

The car with which he had this brush with the law could travel at 8 miles an hour "all out!"

It had a two-speed gear. The engine developed  $\frac{3}{4}$  h.p. at 500 revolutions per minute. It was said to be "almost

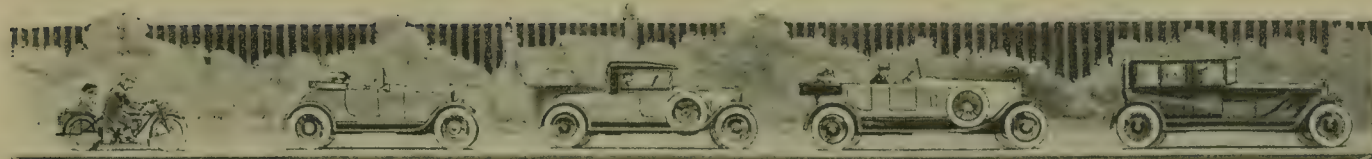
silent in operation and horses took no notice of it."

A big handicap to motoring in the early days was the varying quality of the fuel. To-day, when filling up, the motorist has only to insist upon "BP" to be sure of getting the Best Possible petrol every time.

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**T**HE "Standard" 'Kensington' Saloon is coachbuilt. It is trimmed with antique leather of first quality, painted dark blue with black mouldings and beautifully fitted and finished in every respect. It looks—and is—a high-class saloon.

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Light 2 and 4-Seaters: 11 h.p. and 14 h.p.

Other "Standard" Models from £235

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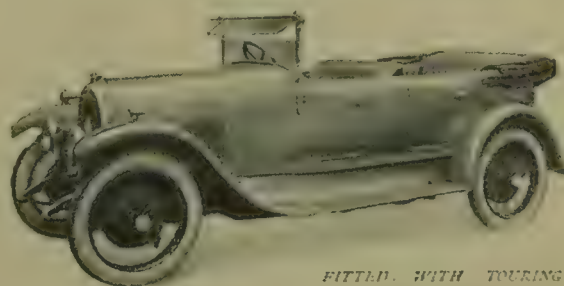


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# Hotchkiss

1924 chassis with four Wheel Brakes.  
15.9 H.P. £495; 18.22 H.P. £725.  
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(Continued.)

**Wanted—Garage Accommodation.**

I am quite certain that one of the main reasons why a large number of people do not become motorists is because of the dearth of garage accommodation, especially in the London suburbs. In very many districts it is utterly impossible to find a place of any kind in which to keep a car, and the fortunate owners of old stables or sheds are in a fair way to make a fortune out of the rents they charge for what only amounts to standing room, and that of the most unsuitable kind. I believe there is a lot of money to be made by anyone who will go properly into the question and form a company, with adequate capital, to acquire land in suitable spots and build proper lock-up garages, where the private owner can hire decent accommodation for his car, procure oil, petrol, and possibly tyres and a few ordinary accessories. It is quite unnecessary to contemplate the erection of fully equipped repair works. I do not think we want anything much more in the way of such facilities than we have now. What is wanted is just garage room and the facilities I have outlined. A company which would fill that want at a reasonable cost to the motorist would, I am certain, make a lot of easy money. I can myself indicate at least half-a-dozen places where there is a crying need for this, and where sites are available.

**Winter Trials.**

The competitors in the London-Exeter trial seem to have had more than an average bad time at the hands of the Clerk of the Weather. Every kind of nastiness imaginable appears to have been served out impartially, yet, in spite of it all, only a very small percentage of failures occurred. People tell me that those who take part in these winter events are mad. I disagree entirely,

because I think these trials do an enormous amount of good. I am quite aware that the answer is likely to be that the car is sufficiently reliable now to do without these tests; but it must not be forgotten that it is to the winter trials and the vile weather so often encountered that we really owe the present-day weather-proofness of the car. I have taken part in these trials in the days when we had not even a wind-screen or a hood. Gradually we got beyond this hardy stage, and set about devising ways and means of keeping out the weather, adding here and taking away there until in the end we got to the "all-weather" equipment which enables us to motor in comfort to-day. Of course, one may agree that all improvement of the kind is due to the work of the enthusiast—and every enthusiast in every direction is mad, or well on the way to it!

**Cars and Moods.**

Why is it, I wonder, that otherwise self-respecting and well-behaved cars almost invariably choose the worst possible time and other conditions to show contrariness? I have repeatedly noticed that cars which have run well and truly for thousands of miles—and cars, too, which are not by any means neglected in the garage—will develop all sorts of little troubles on a dark, wet, windy night. Then, having shown their temper, as it were, they will run on again almost indefinitely without the slightest symptoms of trouble. I am given to this reflection by recent experiences of my own during the Christmas holidays. I regard my car as a no-trouble vehicle. It is well looked after, and I expect to avoid all the roadside troubles I might otherwise have by work in the motor-house. Yet during the holidays I found quite a crop of unexpected little troubles. On Christmas morning

the engine refused to start at all—a thing it has never done in its life. I traced it down to the magneto, but for some time could not discover exactly what had happened. Ultimately, I found that the carbon brush which picks up current from the slip ring had been forced up into its bush and stuck there. As it was not making contact, it was not surprising that I could not start the motor. I put it right and the car ran with its accustomed regularity until the time came to return home. It was late at night, raining heavily, and generally beastly. Rather more than halfway up Reigate Hill I ran into the clouds, and decided that it would be best to return to the bottom and take the lower-lying roads through Dorking. I got the car round, when the engine stopped, and refused to start again, so I dropped down to the bottom of the hill, and pulled up under a lamp and started to investigate. I knew by the symptoms it was magneto trouble, and sure enough it was. The lock-nut on the contact-screw had worked loose, and there was a gap between the points through which the blade of a thick knife would pass. I adjusted the points and started off again, rejoicing that all the troubles were over. Between Dorking and Leatherhead, misfiring started again; but as it was not too bad, I thought I would chance the rest of the run home. By the time Kingston was reached, however, it was so bad I simply had to stop to put things right. This time it was a case of two of the high-tension leads earthing. A few inches of insulating tape put them right enough to get home on, and we had no other adventure that night. I would not have minded at all if it had been daylight, or even a fine night—but the night after Boxing Day. Ugh! But why do cars act thus? I don't know. W. W.

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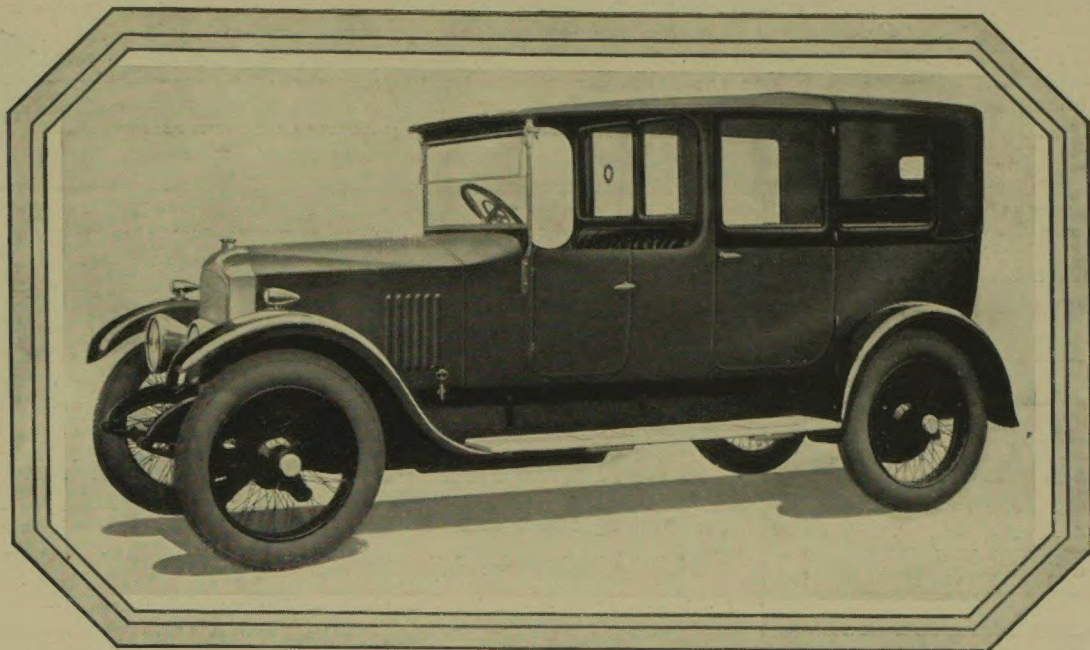
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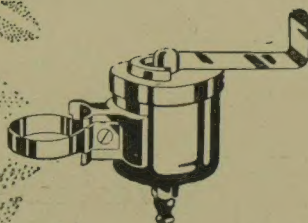
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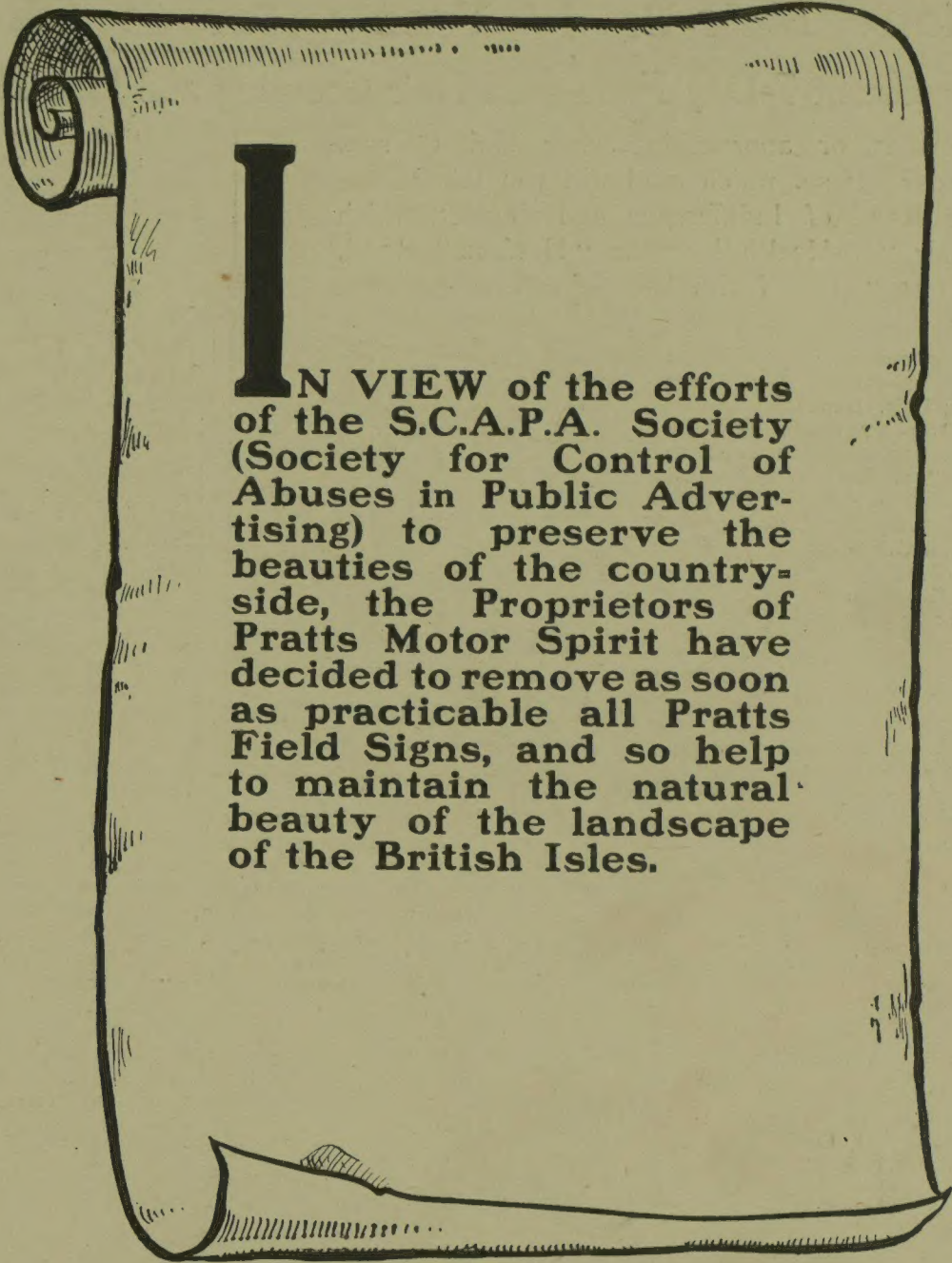
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**A  
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The Road of Indifference and Neglect, which leads to Hair "Ill-Health," or the "Harlene" Road, which leads to "Hair-Health" and Beauty.

To encourage everyone who suffers in any way from:—Falling Hair, Greasy Scalp, Splitting Hair, Dank and Lifeless Hair, Scurf, Over-Dry Scalp, Thinning Hair, or Baldness, to adopt the Road to "Hair Health," it has been decided to present, absolutely **FREE** to the first 1,000,000 readers, a magnificent 7-day Four-Fold Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying Outfit. Everyone who suffers in any way

the hair you possess will have taken on a lovely lustre which will have multiplied its beauty by 200 per cent. at least.

This glossy lustre is in itself a sign that "Harlene Hair-Drill" is doing your hair good.

The possession of beautiful hair is nine points of the Law of Beauty. To a woman it is vital. To a man it is equally necessary.

**IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR  
WRITE NOW.**

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair-health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the first step to secure it.

Post this coupon at once **TO-DAY**, enclosing 4d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and return carriage to your own door, no matter where you may reside.



to the maintenance of gloriously beautiful tresses. Famous Society Beauties, Leading Actresses, and Cinema Queens are renowned for their lovely hair—in fact, most of them say their hair is largely responsible for their popular success—and they gladly tell how their tresses have been made thick and luxurious by the wonderful two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill."

**YOU**, too, can have glorious hair—hair with a wondrous sheen—masses of soft, wavy hair pulsating with life, by posting **AT ONCE** the coupon for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair Health" and Beauty Outfits.

Each of these magnificent **FREE** Gifts contains the following, sufficient for a 7-days' trial:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair, acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic-food for the hair.

2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo. This is an antiseptic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment.

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A Copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instruction, which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair.

**"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" MAKES YOU  
LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.**

It is only to be expected that this unique Gift will be gratefully accepted and appreciated by the million and more men and women workers. They will find that "Harlene Hair-Drill" cultivates and preserves the hair against all unhealthy conditions; that it makes the poorest hair thick, luxuriant and glossy; that it overcomes all hair troubles, and makes a man, woman or girl look years younger and doubly attractive, by improving both the quality and quantity of their hair.

**WONDERFUL EFFECT OF SEVEN  
DAYS' "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."**

Just practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a week. At the end of seven days there will be no comparing the condition of your hair with the "poor state" it was in before you commenced. Under "Harlene Hair-Drill" action

### **SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.**

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.



After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

**"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM**

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above, I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

Illus. London News, 12/1/24.

**NOTE TO READER.**

Write your **FULL** name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is **GREY**, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a **FREE** bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.